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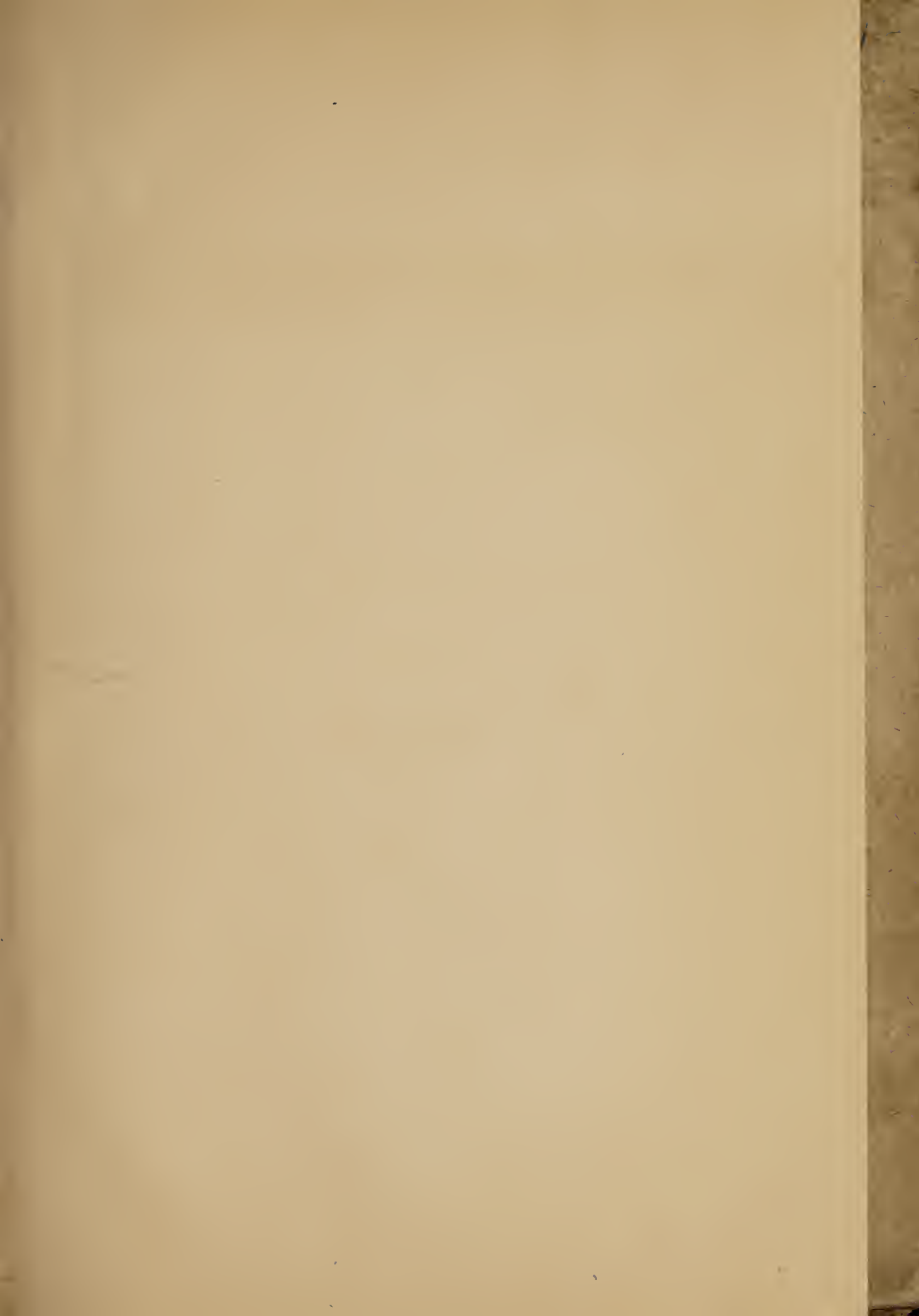
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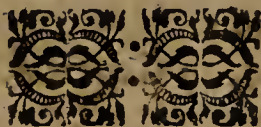
A
T R A G I C A L
H I S T O R Y .

Written by

Mr. *FRANCIS BEAUMONT*,

A N D

Mr. *JOHN FLETCHER*.



L O N D O N ,

Printed for *J. T.* And Sold by *J. Brown* at the *Black
Swan* without *Temple-Bar*. 1717.

Dramatis Personæ

M E N

Charinus, *Emperor of Rome.*

Cosroe, *King of Persia.*

Diocles, *of a private Soldier elected Co-Emperor.*

Maximinian, *Nephew to Diocles, and Emperor by his Donation.*

Volutius Aper, *Murthrerer of Numerianus, the late Emperor.*

Niger, *a noble Soldier, Servant to the Emperor.*

Camurius, *a Captain, and Creature of Aper's.*

Persian Lords.

Senators.

Soldiers.

Guard.

Suitors.

Ambassadors.

Lictors.

Flamen.

Attendants.

Shepherd.

Country Men.

Geta, *a Jester, Servant to Diocles, a merry Knave.*

W O M E N.

Aurelia, *Sister to Charinus.*

Cassana, *Sister to Cosroe, a Captive, waiting on Aurelia.*

Delphia, *a Prophetess.*

Drusilla, *Neice to Delphia, in love with Diocles.*

S C E N E R O M E.

T H E

THE
PROPHETESS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Charinus, Aurelia, and Niger.

Char. **Y**OU buz into my Head strange likelihoods,
And fill me full of Doubts: But what Proofs, *Niger,*
What Certainties, that my most noble Brother
Came to his end by Murther? Tell me that,
Assure me by some Circumstance.

Nig. I will, Sir.

And as I tell you truth, so the Gods prosper me.
I have often nam'd this *Aper.*

Cha. True, ye have done:
And in mysterious Senses I have heard ye
Break out o'th' sudden, and abruptly.

Nig. True, Sir.
Fear of your Unbelief, and the Time's giddiness,
Made me I durst not then go farther. So your Grace please
Out of your wonted Goodness to give credit,
I shall unfold the Wonder.

Aur. Do it boldly:
You shall have both our hearty Loves, and Hearings.

Nig. This *Aper* then, this too much honour'd Villain,
(For he deserves no mention of a good Man)
Great Sir, give Ear: 'This most ungrateful, spiteful,
Above the memory of Mankind mischievous,
With his own bloody Hands————

Cha. Take heed.

Nig. I am in, Sir;
And if I make not good my Story————

Aur. Forward:
I see a Truth would break out: Be not fearful.

Nig. I say, this *Aper*, and his damn'd Ambition,
Cut off your Brother's Hopes, his Life, and Fortunes:

The honour'd *Numerianus* fell by him,
Fell basely, most untimely, and most treacherously:
For in his Litter, as he bore him Company,
Most privately and cunningly he kill'd him;
Yet still he fills the faithful Soldiers Ears
With Stories of his Weakness; of his Life;
That he dare not venture to appear in open,
And shew his warlike Face among the Soldiers;
The Tenderness and weakness of his Eyes,
Being not able to endure the Sun yet.
Slave that he is, he gives out this Infirmary
(Because he would dispatch his Honour too)
To arise from Wantonness, and love of Women,
And thus he juggles still.

Aur. O most pernicious,
Most bloody, and most base! Alas, dear Brother,
Art thou accus'd, and after Death thy Memory
Loaden with Shames and Lies? Those pious Tears
Thou daily shower'dst upon my Father's Monument,
(When in the *Persian* Expedition
He fell unfortunately by a stroak of Thunder)
Made thy Defame and Sins? Those wept out Eyes,
The fair Examples of a noble Nature,
Those holy drops of Love, turn'd by Depravers
(Malicious poison'd Tongues) to thy Abuses?
We must not suffer this.

Cha. It shows a truth now:
And sure this *Aper* is not right nor honest,
He will not come near me.

Nig. No, he dare not:
He has an Inmate here, that's call'd a Conscience,
Bids him keep off.

Cha. My Brother honour'd him,
Made him first-Captain of his Guard, his next Friend;
Then to my Mother (to assure him nearer)
He made him Husband.

Nig. And withal Ambitious:
For when he trod so nigh, his false Feet itch'd, Sir,
To step into the State

Aur. If ye believe, Brother,
Aper a bloody Knave, as 'tis apparent,
Let's leave disputing, and do something Noble.

Cha. Sister, be rul'd. I am not yet so powerful,
To meet him in the Field: He has under him
The flower of all the Empire, and the strength,
The *Britain* and the *German* Cohorts; pray ye be patient.

Niger,

Niger, how stands the Soldier to him?

Nig. In Fear, more, Sir,
Than Love or Honour: He has lost their fair Affections
By his most covetous and greedy Gripping.
Are ye desirous to do something on him,
That all the World may know ye lov'd your Brother?
And do it safely too, without an Army?

Cha. Most willingly.

Nig. Then send out a Proscription,
Send suddenly; And to that Man that executes it,
(I mean, that brings his Head) add a fair Payment,
No common Sum: Then ye shall see, I fear not,
Even from his own Camp, from those Men that follow him,
Follow, and flatter him, we shall find one,
And if he miss, one hundred that will venture it:

Aur. For his Reward, it shall be so, dear Brother,
So far I'll honour him that kills the Villain,
For so far runs my Love to my dead Brother,
Let him be what he will, base, old, or crooked,
He shall have me: Nay, which is more, I'll love him.
I will not be denied.

Cha. You shall not, Sister.

But ye shall know, my Love shall go along too:
See a Proscription drawn; and for his Recompence,
My Sister, and half Partner in the Empire;
And I will keep my word.

Aur. Now ye do bravely.

Nig. And though it cost my Life, I'll see it publish'd.

Cha. Away then, for the business.

Nig. I am gone, Sir:

You shall have all dispatch'd to Night.

Cha. Be prosperous.

Aur. And let the Villain fall.

Nig. Fear nothing, Madam.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Delphia and Drusilla.

Dru. 'Tis true, that *Diocles* is courteous,
And of a pleasant Nature, sweet and temperate;
His Cousin *Maximinian*, proud and bloody.

Del. Yes, and mistrustful too, my Girl; take heed,
Although he seem to love thee, and affect
Like the more Courtier, curious Complement,
Yet have a care.

Dru. You know all my Affection,

And

And all my Heart-desires, is set on *Diocles*.
 But, Aunt, how coldly he requites this courtesie,
 How dull and heavily he looks upon me,
 Although I woo him sometimes beyond modesty,
 Beyond a Virgin's care: How still he slights me,
 And puts me still off with your Prophecy,
 And the performance of your late Prediction,
 That when he is Emperor, then he will marry me:
 Alas, what hope of that?

Del. Peace, and be patient,
 For though he be now a Man most miserable,
 Of no Rank, nor no badge of Honour on him,
 Bred low and poor, no Eye of Favour shining;
 And though my sure Prediction of his rising,
 Which can no more fail, than the Day or Night does,
 Nay, let him be asleep, will overtake him,
 Have found some rubs and stops, yet hear me, Niece,
 And hear me with a Faith, it shall come to him.
 I'll tell thee the occasion.

Dru. Do, good Aunt:
 For yet I am ignorant,

Del. Chiding him one Day
 For being too near and sparing for a Soldier,
 Too griping, and too greedy: He made answer,
 When I am *Cæsar*, then I will be liberal.
 I presently inspir'd with holy fire,
 And my Prophetick Spirit burning in me,
 Gave answer from the Gods; and this it was,
Imperator eris Romæ, cum Aprum grandem interfeceris:
 Thou shalt be Emperour, O *Diocles*,
 When thou hast kill'd a mighty Boar. From that time,
 As giving Credit to my words, he has imploy'd
 Much of his life in hunting. Many Boars
 Hideous and fierce, with his own Hands he has kill'd too,
 But yet not lighted on the fatal one,
 Should raise him to the Empire: Be not sad, Niece,
 E're long he shall: Come, let's go entertain him;
 For by this time, I guess, he comes from hunting:
 And by my Art, I find this very instant
 Some great design's afoot.

Dru. The Gods give good, Aunt.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

Enter Diocles, Maximinian, and Geta, with a Boar.

Dio. Lay down the Boar.

Geta. With all my Heart, I am weary on't;
I shall turn Jew, if I carry many such burthens.
Do you think, Master, to be Emperor
With killing Swine? ye may be an honest Butcher,
Or ally'd to a seemly Family of Sowse-wives.
Can you be such an Ass, my reverend Master,
To think these Springs of Pork will shoot up *Cæsars*?

Max. The Fool says true.

Dio. Come leave your fooling, Sirrah,
And think of what thou shalt be when I am Emperor.

Geta. Would it would come with thinking, for then,
O my Conscience, I should be at least a Senator.

Max. A Sowter;
For that's a place more fitted to thy Nature,
If there could be such an expectation.
Or say the Devil could perform this wonder,
Can such a Rascal as thou art hope for Honour?
Such a Log-carrying Lout?

Geta. Yes, and bear it too,
And bear it swimmingly. I am not the first Ass, Sir,
Has born good office, and perform'd it reverently.

Dio. Thou being the Son of a Tyler, canst thou hope to be a
Senator?

Geta. Thou being the Son of a Tanner, canst thou hope to be
an Emperor?

Dio. Thou say'st true, *Geta*, there's a stop indeed;
But yet the bold and virtuous——

Geta. Ye are right, Master,
Right as a Gun: For we the virtuous,
Though we be Kennel-rakers, Scabs, and Scoundrels,
We the discreet and bold: And yet, now I remember it,
We Tylers may deserve to be Senators;
And there we step before you thick-skin'd Tanners,
For we are born three Stories high; no base ones,
None of your groundlings, Master.

Dio. I like thee well,
Thou hast a good Mind, as I have, to this Honour.

Geta. As good a mind, Sir, of a simple Plaisterer——
And when I come to execute my Office,
Then you shall see:

Max. What?

Geta.

Geta. An Officer in fury;

An Officer as he ought to be: Do you laugh at it?

Is a Senator, in hope, worth no more Reverence?

By these Hands I'll clap you by th' Heels the first hour of it.

Max. O my Conscience, the Fellow believes.

Dio. Ay, do, do, *Geta,*

For if I once be Emperor——

Get. Then will I,

(For wise Men must be had to prop the Republick)

Nor bate ye a single Ace of a sound Senator.

Dio. But what shall we do the whilst?

Geta. Kill Swine, and sowse 'em,

And eat 'em when we have Bread.

Max. Why didst thou run away

When the Boar made toward thee? art thou not valiant?

Geta. No indeed am I not; and 'tis for mine Honour too:

I took a Tree, 'tis true, gave way to the Monster;

Hark what Discretion says, let Fury pass;

From the Tooth of a mad Beast and the Tongue

Of a Slanderer, preserve thine Honour.

Dio. He talks like a full Senator.

Go, take it up, and carry it in: 'tis a huge one;

We never kill'd so large a Swine; so fierce too

I never met with yet.

Max. Take heed, it stirs again;

How nimble the Rogue runs up! he climbs like a Squirrel.

Dio. Come down ye dunce, is it not dead?

Geta. I know not.

Dio. His Throat is cut, and his Bowels out.

Geta. That's all one,

I am sure his Teeth are in; and for any thing I know,

He may have Pigs of his own Nature in's Belly.

Dio. Come, take him up I say, and see him dress'd,

He is fat, and will be lusty meat; away with him,

And get some of him ready for our Dinner.

Geta. Shall he be roasted whole,

And serv'd up in a Sowce-tub? a portly service,

I'll run i'th' Wheel my self.

Max. Sirrah, leave your prating,

And get some piece of him ready presently,

We are weary both, and hungry.

Geta. I'll about it.

What an inundation of Brewiss shall I swim in? [*Exit.*]

Dio. Thou art ever dull and melancholly, Cousin,
Distrustful of my hopes.

Max. Why, can ye blame me?

Do Men give Credit to a Jugler?

Dio. Thou know'st she is a Prophetess.

Max. A small one,

And as small Profit to be hop'd for by her.

Dio. Thou art the strangest Man; how does thy hurt?

The Boar came near you, Sir.

Max. A scratch, a scratch.

Dio. It akes and troubles thee, and that makes thee angry.

Max. Not at the Pain, but at the Practice, Uncle;

The butcherly base custom of our lives now:

Had a brave Enemy's Sword drawn so much from me,

Or Danger met me in the head o'th' Army,

To have blush'd thus in my Blood, had been mine Honour.

But to live base, like Swine-herds, and believe too,

To be fool'd out with tales, and old Wives Dreams,

Dreams, when they are drunk.

Dio. Certain, you much mistake her.

Max. Mistake her? hang her: To be made her Purveyors,

To feed her old Chaps; to provide her daily,

And bring in Feasts, whilst she sits farting at us,

And blowing out her Prophecies at both ends.

Dio. Prithee be wise: Dost thou think, *Maximinian*,
So great a Reverence, and so staid a Knowledge——

Max. Sur-reverence, you would say: What Truth?

What Knowledge?

What any thing, but eating, is good in her?

'Twould make a Fool prophecy to be fed continually:

What do you get? your labour and your danger,

Whilst she sits bathing in her larded fury.

Inspir'd with full deep Cups, who cannot Prophecy?

A Tinker, out of Ale, will give Predictions:

But who believes?

Dio. She is a holy *Druid*,

A Woman noted for that Faith, that Piety,

Belov'd of Heav'n.

Max. Heav'n knows, I don't believe it.

Indeed, I must confess, they are excellent Juglers;

Their Age upon some Fools too flings a confidence;

But what grounds have they, what elements to work on?

Show me but that; the Sieve and Sheers? a learned one.

I have no patience to dispute this Question,

'Tis so ridiculous; I think the Devil does help 'em:

Or rather, mark me well, abuse 'em, Uncle:

For they are as fit to deal with him; these old Women,

They are as jump and squar'd out to his nature——

Dio. Thou hast a perfect malice.

Max. So I would have
 Against these purblind Prophets; for look ye, Sir,
 Old Women will lie monstrously, so will the Devil,
 Or else he has had much wrong: upon my knowledge,
 Old Women are malicious, so is he;
 They are proud, and covetous, revengeful, lecherous,
 All which are excellent Attributes of the Devil.
 They would at last seem holy, so would he;
 And to vail over these Villanies, they would Prophecie;
 He gives them leave now and then to use their cunnings,
 Which is to kill a Cow, or blast a Harvest,
 Make young Pigs pipe themselves to Death, choak Poultry,
 And chafe a Dairy-wench into a Feaver
 With pumping for her Butter.
 But when he makes these Agents to raise Emperors,
 When he disposes Fortune as his Servant,
 And tyes her to old Wives Tails——

Dio. Go thy ways,
 Thou art a learned Scholar, against credit.
 You hear the Prophecy?

Max. Yes, and I laugh at it,
 And so will any Man can tell but twenty
 That is not blind, as you are blind and ignorant.
 Do you think she knows your Fortune?

Dio. I do think it.

Max. I know she has the Name of a rare Soothsayer,
 But do you in your Conscience believe her holy?
 Inspired with such Prophetick fire?

Dio. Yes in my Conscience.

Max. And that you must upon necessity
 From her words be a *Cæsar*?

Dio. If I live.

Max. There's one stop yet.

Dio. And follow her Directions.

Max. But do not juggle with me.

Dio. In Faith, Cousin,
 So full a truth hangs ever on her Prophecies,
 That how I should think otherwise.

Max. Very well, Sir;
 You then believe (for methinks 'tis most necessary)
 She knows her own Fate?

Dio. I believe it certain.

Max. Dare you but be so wise to let me try it,
 For I stand doubtful.

Dio. How?

Max. Come neerer to me;

Because her cunning Devil shall not prevent me;
Close, close, and hear; if she can turn this Destiny,
I'll be of your Faith too.

Dio. Forward, I fear not.
For if she knows not this, sure she knows nothing.
Enter Delphia.

I am so confident——

Max. 'Faith so am I too,
That I shall make her Devil's sides hum.

Dio. She comes here,
Go take your stand.

Max. Now holly, or you howl for't. [Exit.

Dio. 'Tis pity this young Man should be so stubborn.
Valiant he is, and to his Valour temperate,
Only distrustful of Delays in Fortune;
I love him dearly well.

Del. Now my Son *Diocles*,
Are ye not weary of your Game to day?
And are ye well?

Dio. Yes, Mother, well and lusty;
Only ye make me hunt for empty Shadows.

Del. You must have Patience, *Rome* was not built in one Day;
And he that hopes, must give his hopes their currents.
You have kill'd a mighty Boar.

Dio. But I am no Emperor.
Why do ye fool me thus, and make me follow
Your flattering Expectation hour by hour?
Rise early, and sleep late? to feed your Appetites,
Forget my Trade, my Arms? forsake mine Honour,
Labour and sweat to arrive at a base Memory?
Oppose my self to hazards of all sorts,
Only to win the barbarous Name of Butcher?

Del. Son, you are wise.

Dio. But you are cunning, Mother;
And with that Cannon, and the Faith I give ye,
Ye lead me blindly to no end, no Honour.
You find ye are daily fed, you take no Labour,
Your Family at Ease, they know no Market,
And therefore to maintain this, you speak darkly,
As darkly still ye nourish it, whilst I,
Being a credulous and obsequious Coxcomb,
Hunt daily, and sweat hourly, to find out
To clear your Mystery; kill Boar on Boar,
And make your Spits and Pots bow with my Bounties:
Yet I still poorer, further still——

Del. Be provident,

And tempt not the Gods Dooms; stop not the Glory
 They are ready to fix on ye. Ye are a Fool then;
 Chearful and grateful Takers the Gods love,
 And such as wait their Pleasures with full hopes;
 The doubtful and distrustful Man Heav'n frowns at.
 What I have told you by my Inspiration,
 I tell ye once again, must and shall find ye.

Dio. But when; or how?

Del. *Cum Aprum interfeceris.*

Dio. I have kill'd many.

Del. Not the Boar they point ye;

Nor must I reveal further, 'till you clear it.
 The lots of glorious Men are wrapt in Mysteries,
 And so deliver'd: Common and slight Creatures,
 That have their Ends as open as their Actions,
 Easie and open Fortunes follow.

Max. I shall try

How deep your Inspiration lies hid in ye,
 And whether your brave Spirit have a Buckler
 To keep this Arrow off, I'll make you smoak else.

Dio. Knowing my Fortune so precisely, punctually,
 And that it must fall without contradiction,
 Being a Stranger of no tye unto ye,
 Methinks you should be studied in your own,
 In your own Destiny, methinks, most perfect,
 And every hour, and every minute, Mother,
 So great a care should Heav'n have of her Ministers;
 Methinks your Fortunes both ways should appear to ye,
 Both to avoid, and take. Can the Stars now,
 And all those influences you receive into ye,
 Or secret Inspirations ye make shew of,
 If an hard Fortune hung, and were now ready
 To pour it self upon your Life, deliver ye?
 Can they now say, Take heed?

Del. Ha? pray ye come hither.

Max. I would know that: I fear your Devil will cozen ye,
 And stand as close as ye can, I shall be with ye.

Del. I find a present Ill.

Dio. How?

Del. But I scorn it.

Max. Do ye so? do ye so?

Del. Yes, and laugh at it, *Diocles.*

Is it not strange, these wild and foolish Men
 Should dare to oppose the power of Destiny?
 That Power the Gods shake at? Look yonder, Son.

Max. Have ye spy'd me? then have at ye.

Del.

Del. Do, shoot boldly.

Hit me and spare not, if thou canst.

Dio. Shoot, Cousin.

Max. I cannot, mine Arm's dead, I have no feeling;
Or if I could shoot, so strong is her arm'd Virtue,
She would catch the Arrow flying.

Del. Poor doubtful People,
I pity your weak Faiths.

Dio. Your mercy, Mother,
And from this Hour a Deity, I crown ye.

Del. No more of that.

Max. O let my Prayers prevail too,
Here like a Tree, I dwell else: Free me Mother,
And greater than great Fortune, I'll adore thee.

Del. Be free again, and have more pure thoughts in ye.

Dio. Now I believe your words most constantly,
And when I have that Power ye have promis'd to me —

Del. Remember then your Vow: my Niece *Drusilla*,
I mean to marry her, and then ye prosper.

Dio. I shall forget my Life else.

Del. I am a poor weak Woman; to me no Worship.

Enter Niger, Geta, and Soldiers.

Get. And shall he have, as you say, that kills this *Aper*?

Del. Now mark and understand.

Nig. The Proscription's up,
I'th' Market-place 'tis up, there ye may read it,
He shall have half the Empire.

Get. A pretty Farm, i' faith.

Nig. And the Emperor's Sister, bright *Aurelia*,
Her to his Wife,

Get. Ye say well, Friend; but hark ye,
Who shall do this?

Nig. You, if ye dare.

Get. I think so:

Yet I could poison him in a pot of Perry,
He loves that veng'ancely: But when I have done this,
May I lye with the Gentlewoman?

Nig. Lye with her? what else, Man?

Get. Yes, Man,

I have known a Man married, that never lay with his Wife.
Those dancing days are done.

Nig. These are old Soldiers,
And poor, it seems. I'll try their Appetites.

'Save ye brave Soldiers.

Max. Sir, ye talk'd of Proscriptions?

Nig. 'Tis true, there is one set up from the Emperor

Against

Against *Volutius Aper*. *Dio*. *Aper*?

Del. Now;

Now have ye found the Boar?

Dio. I have the meaning;

And blessed Mother——

Nig. He has scorn'd his Master,
And bloodily cut off by treachery
The noble Brother to him.

Dio. He lives here, Sir,
Sickly and weak.

Nig. Did you see him?

Max. No.

Nig. He is murthered;
So ye shall find it mention'd from the Emperor,
And honest faithful Soldiers, but believe it;
For, by the Gods, you will find it so, he is murther'd,
The manner how, read in the large Proscription.

Del. It is moit true, Son; and he cozens ye,
Aper's a Villain false.

Dio. I thank ye, Mother,
And dare believe ye: Hark ye, Sir, the Recompence?
As ye related.

Nig. Is as firm as Faith, Sir;
Bring him alive or dead.

Max. You took a fit time,
The General being out o'th' Town; for though we love him not,
Yet had he known this first, you had paid for't dearly.

Dio. 'Tis *Niger*, now I know him; honest *Niger*,
A true sound Man, and I believe him constantly:
Your business may be done, make no great hurry
For your own safety.

Nig. No, I am gone, I thank ye.

Dio. Pray, *Maximinian*, pray.

Max. I'll pray and work too.

Dio. I'll to the Market-place, and read the Offer,
And now I have found the Boar.

Del. Find your own Faith too,
And remember what ye have vow'd.

Dio. O Mother.

Del. Prosper.

Get. If my Master and I do this, there's two Emperors,
And what a show will that make? how we shall bounce it?

[*Exeunt*.]

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Drufilla and Delphia.

Dru. Leave us, and not vouchsafe a parting kiss
 To her that in his hopes of Greatness lives,
 And goes along with him in all his Dangers?

Del. I grant 'twas most inhuman.

Dru. O you give it

Too mild a Name; 'twas more than barbarous,
 And you a Partner in't.

Del. I, *Drufilla*?

Dru. Yes,

You have blown his swoln Pride to that vastness,
 As he believes the Earth is in his Fathom,
 This makes him quite forget his humble Being:
 And can I hope that he, that only fed
 With the imagin'd Food of future Empire,
 Disdains even those that gave him Means, and Life,
 To nourish such Desires, when he's possess'd
 Of his ambitious Ends (which must fall on him,
 Or your Predictions are false) will ever
 Descend to look on me?

Del. Were his Intents

Perfidious as the Seas or Winds, his Heart
 Compos'd of Falshood; yet the Benefit,
 The greatness of the good he has from you,
 (For what I have conferr'd, is thine, *Drufilla*)
 Must make him firm, and thankful: But if all
 Remembrance of the Debts he stands engag'd for,
 Find a quick Grave in his Ingratitude,
 My powerful Art, that guides him to this height,
 Shall make him curse the hour he e'er was rais'd,
 Or sink him to the Center.

Dru. I had rather

Your Art could force him to return that Ardour
 To me, I bear to him; or give me Power
 To moderate my Passions: Yet I know not,
 I should repent your Grant, though you had sign'd it,
 (So well I find he's worthy of all Service.)
 But to believe that any check to him
 In his main Hopes, could yield Content to me,
 Were Treason to true Love, that knows no Pleasure,
 The Object that it doats on ill affected.

Del. Pretty Simplicity, I love thee for't,
 And will not sit an idle Looker on,

And

Aper. That I have kill'd him;
 Yet feed these Ignorant Fools with hopes he lives,
 Has a main end in't. The *Pannonian* Cohorts
 (That are my own, and sure) are not come up,
 The *German* Legions waver; and *Charinus*,
 Brother to this dead Dog, (Hells plagues on *Niger*,)
 Is jealous of the Murther; and, I hear,
 Is marching up against me. 'Tis not safe,
 Till I have power to justify the Act,
 To shew my self the Author: Be therefore careful
 For an hour or two (till I have fully sounded
 How the Tribunes and Centurions stand affected)
 That none come near the Litter. If I find them
 Firm on my part, I dare profess my self,
 And then live *Aper's* Equal.

Cam. Does not the Body
 Begin to putrifie?

Aper. That exacts my haste:
 When, but even now, I feign'd Obedience to it,
 As I had some great business to impart,
 The Scent had almost choak'd me; be therefore curious,
 All keep at distance. [Exit.

Cam. I am taught my Parts;
 Haste you to perfect yours.

i Guard. I had rather meet
 An Enemy in the Field, than stand thus nodding
 Like to a Rug-gown'd Watch-man.

Enter Diocles, Maximinian, and Geta.

Geta. The Watch at Noon?
 This is a new Device.

Cam. Stand.

Dio. I am arm'd
 Against all Danger.

Max. If I fear to follow,
 A Coward's name pursue me.

Dio. Now my Fate
 Guide and direct me.

Cam. You are rude and sawcy,
 With your forbidden Feet to touch this Ground,
 Sacred to *Cæsar* only, and to these
 That do attend his Person. Speak, what are you?

Dio. What thou, nor any of thy Faction are,
 Nor ever were: Soldiers, and honest Men.

Cam. So blunt?

Geta. Nay, you shall find he's good at the sharp too.

Dio. No Instruments of Craft, Engines of Murther,

That

That serve the Emperor only with oil'd Tongues,
 Sooth and applaud his Vices, play the Bawds
 To all his Appetites; and when you have wrought
 So far upon his Weakness, that he's grown
 Odious to the Subject and himself,
 And can no further help your wicked Ends,
 You rid him out of the way.

Cam. Treason!

Dio. 'Tis truth,
 And I will make it good.

Cam. Lay Hands upon 'em,
 Or kill them suddenly.

Geta. I am out at that;
 I do not like the Sport.

Dio. What's he that is
 Owner of any Virtue worth a *Roman*,
 Or does retain the memory of the Oath
 He made to *Cæsar*, that dares lift his Sword
 Against the Man, that (careless of his Life)
 Comes to discover such a horrid Treason,
 As when you hear 't, and understand how long
 You've been abus'd, will run you mad with Fury?
 I am no Stranger, but (like you) a Soldier,
 Train'd up one from my Youth: And there are some
 With whom I have serv'd, and (not to praise my self)
 Must needs confess they have seen *Diocles*
 In the late *Britain* Wars, both dare and do
 Beyond a common Man.

1 Guard. *Diocles*?

2 Guard. I know him,
 The bravest Soldier of the Empire.

Cam. Stand;
 If thou advance an Inch thou art dead.

Dio. Die thou,
 That durst oppose thy self against a Truth
 That will break out, though Mountains cover it.

Get. I fear this is a sucking Pig; no Boar,
 He falls so easie.

Dio. Hear me, fellow Soldiers;
 And if I make it not apparent to you
 This is an Act of Justice, and no Murther,
 Cut me in Pieces: I'll disperse the Cloud
 That hath so long obscur'd a bloody Act
 Ne'er equal'd yet; you all know with what Favours
 The good *Numerianus* ever grac'd
 The Provost *Aper*? - *Guard.* True.

Dio. And that those Bounties
Should have contain'd him (if he e'er had learn'd
The Elements of Honesty and Truth)
In Loyal Duty: But Ambition never
Looks backward on Desert, but with blind haste
Boldly runs on. But I lose time. You are here
Commanded by this *Aper* to attend
The Emperor's Person, to admit no Stranger
To have access unto him, or come near his Litter,
Under pretence, forsooth, his Eyes are sore
And his Mind troubled; no, my Friends, you are cozen'd,
The good *Numerianus* now is past
The Sense of Wrong or Injury.

Guard. How? Dead?

Dio. Let your own Eyes inform you.

Get. An Emperor's Cabinet?

Fough, I have known a Charnel-house smell sweeter.
If Emperor's Flesh have this favour, what will mine do,
When I am rotten?

1 *Guard.* Most-unheard of Villany.

2 *Guard.* And with all Cruelty to be reveng'd.

3 *Guard.* Who is the Murtherer? Name him, that we may
Punish it in his Family.

Dio. Who but *Aper*?

The barbarous and most ingrateful *Aper*?
His desperate Poniard printed on his Breast
This deadly Wound; Hate to vow'd Enemies
Finds a full Satisfaction in Death,
And Tyrants seek no farther. He, a Subject,
And bound by all the Ties of Love and Duty,
Ended not so; but does deny his Prince,
(Whose Ghost forbid Passage to his rest,
Mourns by the *Stygian Shore*) his Funeral-Rites.
Nay, weep not; let your Loves speak in your Anger,
And, to confirm you gave no Suffrage to
The damned Plot, lend me your helping Hands
To wreak the Parricide; and if you find
That there is Worth in *Diocles* to deserve it,
Make him your Leader.

Guard. A *Diocles*, a *Diocles*.

Dio. We'll force him from his Guards. And now my Stars,
If you have any good for me in store,
Shew it, when I have slain this fatal Boar.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

SCENE III.

Enter Delphia and Drusilla in a Throne drawn by Dragons.

Del. Fix here, and rest a while your Sail-stretch'd Wings
That have out-strippt the Winds; the Eye of Heav'n
Durst not behold your Speed, but hid it self
Behind the grossest Clouds; and the pale Moon
Pluckt in her silver Horns, trembling for fear
That my strong Spells should force her from her Sphere;
Such is the Power of Art.

Dru. Good Aunt, where are we?

Del. Look down, *Drusilla*, on these lofty Towers,
These spacious Streets, where every private House
Appears a Palace to receive a King:
The Site, the Wealth, the Beauty of the Place,
Will soon inform thee 'tis imperious *Rome*,
Rome, the great Mistress of the conquer'd World.

Dru. But without *Diocles*, it is to me
Like any Wilderness we have pass'd o'er:
Shall I not see him?

Del. Yes, and in full Glory,
And glut thy greedy Eyes with looking on
His prosperous Success: Contain thy self;
For though all things beneath us are transparent,
The sharpest sighted, were he Eagle-ey'd,
Cannot discover us; nor will we hang
Idle Spectators to behold his Triumph.

*Enter Diocles, Maximinian, Guard, Aper, Senators,
Geta, Officers, with Litter.*

But when Occasion shall present it self,
Do something to add to it. See, he comes.

Dru. How God-like he appears? With such a Grace
The Giants that attempted to scale Heav'n,
When they lay dead on the *Phlegrean* Plain,
Mars did appear to *Jove*. *Del.* Forbear.

Dio. Look on this,
And when with Horror thou hast view'd thy Deed,
Thy most accursed Deed, be thine own Judge,
And see (thy Guilt consider'd) if thou canst
Perswade thy self, whom thou stand'st bound to hate,
To hope or plead for Mercy.

Aper. I confess
My Life's a Burthen to me.

Dio. Thou art like thy Name,
A cruel Boar, whose Snout hath rooted up

The fruitful Vineyard of the Common-Wealth:
 I long have hunted for thee, and since now
 Thou art in the Toil, it is in vain to hope
 Thou ever shalt break out; thou dost deserve
 The Hangman's Hook, or to be punished
More Majorum, whipt with Rods to Death,
 Or any way, that were more terrible.
 Yet, since my future Fate depends upon thee,
 Thus, to fulfil great *Delphia's* Prophecy,
Aper (thou fatal Boar) receive the Honour
 To fall by *Diocles'* Hand. Shine clear, my Stars,
 That usher'd me to taste this common Air,
 In my Entrance to the World, and give Applause
 To this great Work.

[Musick.

Del. Strike Musick from the Spheres.

Dru. O now you honour me.

Dio. Ha? In the Air?

All. Miraculous.

Max. This shews the Gods approve
 The Person, and the Act: Then if the Senate
 (For in their Eyes I read the Soldiers Love)
 Think *Diocles* worthy to supply the Place
 Of dead *Numerianus*, as he stands
 His Heir, in his Revenge, with one Consent
 Salute him Emperor.

Sen. Long live *Diocles*,

Augustus, *Pater Patriæ*, and all Titles
 That are peculiar only to the *Cæsars*,
 We gladly throw upon him.

Guard. We confirm it,
 And will defend his Honour with our Swords
 Against the World; raise him to the Tribunal.

1 *Sen.* Fetch the Imperial Robes, and as a Sign
 We give him absolute Power of Life and Death,
 Bind this Sword to his side.

2 *Sen.* Omit no Ceremony
 That may be for his Honour.

S O N G.

Max. Still the Gods

Express that they are pleas'd with this Election.

Geta. My Master is an Emperor, and I feel
 A Senator's Itch upon me: Would I could hire
 These fine invisible Fiddlers to play to me
 At my Instalment.

Dio. I embrace your Loves,
 And hope the Honours that you heap upon me,

Shall

Shall be with Strength supported. It shall be
 My Study to appear another *Atlas*,
 To stand firm underneath this Heav'n of Empire,
 And bear it boldly. I desire no Titles,
 But as I shall deserve 'em. I will keep
 The Name I had, being a private Man,
 Only with some small Difference; I will add
 To *Diocles* but two short Syllables,
 And be call'd *Dioclesianus*.

Geta. That is fine;
 I'll follow the Fashion; and when I am a Senator,
 I will be no more plain *Geta*, but be call'd
 Lord *Getianus*.

Dru. He ne'er thinks of me,
 Nor of your Favour.

Enter Niger.

Del. If he dares prove false,
 These Glories shall be to him as a Dream,
 Or an enchanted Banquet.

Niger. From *Charinus*, who with Joy hath heard
 Of your Proceedings, and confirms your Honour;
 He, with his beauteous Sister, fair *Aurelia*,
 Are come in Person, like themselves attended,
 To gratulate your Fortune.

[*Loud Musick*.

Enter Charinus, Aurelia, and Attendants.

Dio. For thy News,
 Be thou in *France* Pro-Consul; let us meet
 The Emperor with all Honour, and embrace him.

Dru. O Aunt I fear this Princess doth eclipse
 Th' Opinion of my Beauty, though I were
 My self to be the Judge.

Del. Rely on me.

Char. 'Tis Virtue, and not Birth that makes us noble:
 Great Actions speak great Minds, and such should govern;
 And you are grac'd with both. Thus, as a Brother,
 A Fellow, and Co-partner in the Empire,
 I do embrace you; may we live so far
 From Difference, or emulous Competition,
 That all the World may say, Although two Bodies,
 We have one Mind.

Aur. When I look on the Trunk
 Of dear *Numerianus*, I should wash
 His Wounds with Tears, and pay a Sister's Sorrow
 To his sad Fate; but since he lives again
 In your most brave Revenge, I bow to you,
 As to a Power that gave him second Life,

And

And will make good my promise. If you find
That there is worth in me that may deserve you,
And that in being your Wife, I shall not bring
Disquiet and Dishonour to your Bed,
Although my Youth and Fortune should require
Both to be su'd and sought to, here I yield
My self at your Devotion.

Dio. O you Gods,
Teach me how to be thankful; you have pour'd
All blessings on me, that ambitious Man
Could ever fancy: 'Till this happy Minute
I ne'er saw Beauty, or believ'd there could be
Perfection in a Woman. I shall live
To serve and honour you, upon my Knees
I thus receive you; and, so you vouchsafe it,
This Day I am doubly married, to the Empire,
And your best self.

Del. False and perfidious Villain.——

Dru. Let me fall headlong on him: O my Stars!
This I foresaw and fear'd. *Cha.* Call forth a Flamen.
This Knot shall now be ty'd. *Del.* But I will loose it,
If Art or Hell have any strength.

Enter a Flamen.

[Thunder and Lightning.

Cha. Prodigious!

Max. How soon the day's o'ercast?

Fla. The signs are fatal;

Juno smiles not upon this Match, and shews too
She has her Thunder.

Dio. Can there be a stop
In my full Fortune?

Cha. We are too violent,
And I repent the haste: we first should pay
Our latest duty to the dead, and then
Proceed discreetly. Let's take up the Body,
And when we have plac'd his Ashes in his Urn,
We'll try the Gods again; for wise Men say,
Marriage and Obsequies do not suit one day.

[*Sen. Ex.*

Del. So, 'tis defer'd yet, in despite of falshood:
Comfort, *Drusilla*, for he shall be thine,
Or wish, in vain, he were not. I will punish
His Perjury to the height. Mount up, my Birds;
Some Rites I am to perform to *Hecate*,
To perfect my designs; which once perform'd,
He shall be made obedient to thy Call,
Or in his Ruin I will bury all.

[*Ascends in the Throne.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Maximinian, solus.

Max. **W**Hat powerful Star shin'd at this Man's Nativity,
 And bless'd his homely Cradle with full Glory?
 What throngs of People press and buz about him,
 And with their humming flatteries sing him *Cæsar*?
 Sing him aloud, and grow hoarse with saluting him?
 How the fierce-minded Soldier steals into him,
 Adores and courts his Honour? at his Devotion
 Their Lives, their Virtues and their Fortunes laying?
Charinus sues, the Emperor entreats him,
 And as a brighter flame, takes his Beams from him:
 The bless'd and bright *Aurelia*, she doats on him,
 And as the God of Love, burns Incense to him;
 All Eyes live on him. Yet I am still *Maximinian*,
 Still the same poor and wretched thing, his Servant.
 What have I got by this? where lies my Glory?
 How am I rais'd and honour'd? I have gone as far
 To woo this purblind Honour, and have pass'd
 As many dangerous Expeditions,
 As noble, and as high; nay, in his Destiny,
 Whilst 'twas unknown, have run as many hazards,
 And done as much, sweat thorough as many Perils;
 Only the Hangman of *Volutius Aper*,
 Which I mistook, has made him Emperor,
 And me his Slave.

Enter Delphia, and Drusilla.

Del. Stand still, he cannot see us,
 'Till I please; mark him well, this discontentment
 I have forc'd into him, for thy Cause, *Drusilla*.

Max. Can the Gods see this,
 See it with Justice, and confer their blessings
 On him, that never flung one grain of Incense
 Upon their Altars? never bow'd his Knee yet;
 And I that have march'd foot by foot, struck equally,
 And whilst he was a gleaning, have been praying,
 Contemning his base covetous—— *Del.* Now we'll be open.

Max. Bless me, and with all Reverence.

Del. Stand up, Son,
 And wonder not at thy ungrateful Uncle;
 I know thy thoughts, and I appear to ease 'em.

Max. O Mother, did I stand the tenth part to ye
 Engag'd and fetter'd, as mine Uncle does,

How would I serve, how would I fall before ye?

The poorer Powers we worship.

Del. Peace, and flatter not;

Necessity and Anger draws this from ye,
Of both which I will quit ye: For your Uncle
I spoke this Honour, and it fell upon him,
Fell to his full content: he has forgot me,
For all my care, forgot me and his Vow too;
As if a Dream had vanish'd, so h'as lost me,
And I-him, let him now stand fast. Come hither;
My care is now on you. *Max.* O blessed Mother!

Del. Stand still, and let me work. So now, *Maximinian*,
Go, and appear in Court, and eye *Aurelia*;
Believe what I have done, concerns ye highly.
Stand in her view, make your Addresses to her;
She is the Stair of Honour. I'll say no more,
But Fortune is your Servant: Go. *Max.* With Reverence;
All this as holy Truths. [Exit.

Del. Believe, and prosper.

Dru. Yet all this cures not me, but as much credit,
As much belief from *Dioclesian*.

Enter Geta, Litlors, and Suitors with Petitions.

Del. Be not dejected; I have warn'd ye often;
The proudest thoughts he has, I'll humble. Who's this?
O 'tis the Fool and Knave grown a grave Officer.
Here's hot and high Preferment. *Geta.* What's your Bill?
For Gravel for the *Appian* way, and Pills?
Is the way Rheumatick?

1 Suit. 'Tis Piles, and't please you.

Geta. Remove me those Piles to Port *Esquiline*,
Fitter the Place, my Friend: you shall be paid.

1 Suit. I thank your Worship.

Geta. Thank me when ye have it,
Thank me another way, ye are an Ass else.
I know my Office; you are for the Streets, Sir.
Lord, how ye throng! that Knave has eaten Garlick,
Whip him and bring him back.

3 Suit. I beseech your Worship,
Here's an old reckoning for the Dung and Dirt, Sir.

Geta. It stinks like thee, away. Yet let him tarry,
His Bill shall quit his Breath. Give your Petitions
In seemly sort, and keep your Hats off, decently.
For scowring the Water-courses thorow the Cities?
A fine Periphrasis of a Kennel-raker.

Did ye scour all, my Friend? ye had some business;
Who shall scour you? you are to be paid, I take it,

When

When Surgeons swear you have perform'd your Office.

4 *Suit.* Your Worship's merry.

Geta. We must be sometimes witty,
To nick a Knave; 'tis as useful as our Gravity.
I'll take no more Petitions, I am pester'd,
Give me some Rest.

4 *Suit.* I have brought the Gold, and't please ye,
About the Place ye promised. *Geta.* See him enter'd.
How does your Daughter?

4 *Suit.* Better your Worship thinks of her.

Geta. This is with the least. But let me see your Daughter.
'Tis a good forward Maid, I'll join her with ye.
I do beseech ye leave me.

Licē. Ye see the Edile's busie.

Geta. And look to your Places, or I'll make ye smook else.
Sirrah, I drank a Cup of Wine at your Houle yesterday,
A good smart Wine. *Licē.* Send him the piece, he likes it.

Geta. And eat the best wild Boar at that same Farmer's.

2 *Suit.* I have half left yet: your Worship shall command it.

Geta. A bit will serve; give me some rest; Gods help me,
How shall I labour when I am a Senator?

Del. 'Tis a fit place indeed. 'Save your Mastership;
Do you know us, Sir?

Geta. These Women are still troublesome.
There be Houses providing for such wretched Women.
And some small Rents, to set ye a Spining. *Dru.* Sir,
We are no Spinsters; nor, if you look upon us,
So wretched as you take us. *Del.* Does your Mightiness,
That is a great destroyer of your Memory,
Yet understand our Faces?

Geta. 'Prithee keep off, Woman;
It is not fit I should know every Creature.
Although I have been familiar with thee heretofore,
I must not know thee now; my Place neglects thee.
Yet, because I deign a glimpse of your remembrances,
Give me your Suits, and wait me a Month hence.

Del. Our Suits are, Sir, to see the Emperor,
The Emperor *Dioclesian*, to speak to him,
And not to wait on you. We have told you all, Sir.

Geta. I laugh at your simplicity, poor Women;
See the Emperor? Why you are deceiv'd; now
The Emperor appears but once in seven Years,
And then he shines not on such Weeds as you are.
Forward, and keep your State, and keep Beggars from me.

Dru. Here is a pretty Youth.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Diocles.

Del. He shall be pretty,
Or I will want my Will; since ye are so high, Sir,
I'll raise ye higher, or my Art shall fail me.
Stand close, he comes.

Dio. How am I cross'd and tortur'd?
My most wish'd Happiness, my lovely Mistress,
That must make good my hopes, and link my Greatness,
Yet sever'd from mine Arms? Tell me, high Heav'n,
How have I sin'd, that you should speak in Thunder,
In horrid Thunder, when my Heart was ready
To leap into her Breast? the Priest was ready?
The joyful Virgins and the young Men ready?
When *Hymen* stood with all his flames about him
Blessing the Bed? the House with full joy sweating?
And expectation, like the *Roman* Eagle,
Took stand, and call'd all Eyes? It was your Honour;
And e'er you give it full, do you destroy it?
Or was there some dire Star? some Devil that did it?
Some sad malignant Angel to mine Honour?
With you I dare not rage. *Del.* With me thou canst not,
Though it was I. Nay, look not pale and frighted,
I'll fright thee more. With me thou canst not quarrel;
I rais'd the Thunder to rebuke thy falshood;
Look here, to her thy falshood. Now be angry,
And be as great in Evil as in Empire.

Dio. Bless me, ye Powers.

Del. Thou hast full need of Blessing.
'Twas I, that at thy great Inauguration,
Hung in the Air unseen: 'twas I that honour'd thee
With various Musicks, and sweet sounding Airs;
'Twas I inspir'd the Soldiers Heart with wonder,
And made him throw himself with Love and Duty,
Low as thy Feet; 'twas I that fix'd him to thee.
But why did I all this? To keep thy Honesty,
Thy Vow and Faith; that once forgot and slighted,
Aurelia in regard, the Marriage ready,
The Priest and all the Ceremonies present,
'Twas I that thundred loud, 'twas I that threatned,
'Twas I that cast a dark Face over Heav'n,
And smote ye all with terror. *Dru.* Yet consider,
As ye are noble, as I have deserv'd ye;
For yet ye are free: If neither Faith nor Promise,
The deeds of elder Times, may be remembred,
Let these new-dropping Tears; for I still love ye,
These Hands held up to Heav'n. *Dio.* I must not pity ye;

'Tis

'Tis not wise in me. *Del.* How? Not wise?

Dio. Nor honourable.

A Princess is my Love, and doats upon me:

A fair and lovely Princess is my Mistress.

I am an Emperor; consider, Prophetess,

Now my Embraces are for Queens and Princesses,

For Ladies of high Mark, for divine Beauties:

To look so low as this cheap common Sweetness,

Would speak me base, my Names and Glories nothing.

I grant I made a Vow: what was I then?

As she is now, of no sort, (Hope made me promise)

But now I am; to keep this Vow, were monstrous,

A madness, and a low inglorious fondness.

Del. Take heed, proud Man.

Dru. Princes may love with Titles;

But I with Truth. *Del.* Take heed; here stands thy Destiny;

Thy Fate here follows. *Dio.* Thou doating Sorceress,

Would'st have me love this Thing, that is not worthy

To kneel unto my Saint? To kiss her Shadow?

Great Princes are her Slaves; selected Beauties

Bow at her beck, the mighty *Persian's* Daughter

(Bright as the breaking East, as the Mid-day glorious)

Waits her Commands, and grows proud in her Pleasures.

I'll see her honour'd; some watch shall think of,

That shall advance ye both; mean time I'll favour ye. *[Exit.*

Del. Mean time I'll haunt thee. Cry not, Wench, be confident,

E're long, thou shalt more pity him (observe me)

And pity him in truth, than now thou seek'st him:

My Art and I are yet Companions. Come, Girl. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Geta, and Lictors.

Geta. I am too merciful, I find it, Friends,

Of too soft a Nature to be an Officer;

I bear too much remorse.

1 *Lict.* 'Tis your own fault, Sir;

For look you, one so newly warm in Office

Should lay about him blindfold, like true Justice,

Hit where it will, the more ye whip and hang, Sir,

(Though without cause; let that declare itself afterward)

The more ye are admired. *Geta.* I think I shall be.—

2 *Lict.* Your Worship is a Man of a spare Body,

And prone to Anger. *Geta.* Nay, I will be angry,

And the best is, I need not shew my Reason.

2 *Lict.* You need not, Sir, your Place is without Reason,

And

And what you want in Growth and full Proportion,
 Make up in Rule and Rigour. *Geta.* A rare Counsellor;
 Instruct me further. Is it fit, my Friends,
 The Emperor my Master *Dioclesian*
 Should now remember or the Times or Manners
 That call'd him plain down *Diocles*?

1 Licet. He must not,
 It stands not with his Royalty. *Geta.* I grant ye,
 I being then the Edile *Getianus*,
 A Man of Place, and Judge, it is held requisite
 I should commit to my consideration
 Those Rascals of removed and ragged Hours,
 That with unreverend Mouths call'd me Slave *Geta*?

2 Licet. You must forget their Names; your Honour bids ye.
Geta. I do forget; but I'll hang their Natures:
 I will ascend my Place, which is of Justice;
 And Mercy, I forget thee. *Suit.* A rare Magistrate;
 Another *Solon* sure. *Geta.* Bring out the Offenders.

1 Licet. There are none yet, Sir, but no doubt there will be.
 But if you please touch somethings of those Natures.

Geta. And am I ready, and mine Anger too?
 The Melancholy of a Magistrate upon me,
 And no Offenders to execute my Fury?
 Ha? No Offenders, Knaves?

1 Licet. There are Knaves indeed, Sir,
 But we hope shortly to have 'em for your Worship.

Geta. No Men to hang or whip? Are you good Officers,
 That provide no Fuel for a Judge's Fury?
 In this Place something must be done; this Chair, I tell ye,
 When I sit down, must favour of Severity:
 Therefore I warn ye all, bring me lewd People,
 Or likely to be lewd; Twigs must be cropt too;
 Let me have evil Persons in abundance,
 Or make 'em evil; 'tis all one, do but say so,
 That I may have fit matter for a Magistrate;
 And let me work. If I sit empty once more,
 And lose my longing, as I am true *Edile*,
 And as I hope to rectify my Country,
 You are those Scabs I will scratch off from the Common-wealth:
 You are those Rascals of the State I treat of,
 And you shall find and feel. ——— *2 Licet.* You shall have many,
 Many notorious People. *Geta.* Let 'em be People,
 And take ye notorious to your selves. Mark me, my Lictors,
 And you the rest of my Officials;
 If I be angry, as my Place will ask it,
 And want fit matter to dispose my Authority,

I'll hang a hundred of ye : I'll not stay longer,
Nor enquire no further into your Offences:

It is sufficient that I find no Criminals,
And therefore I must make some; if I cannot;
Suffer my self; for so runs my Commission.

Suit. An admirable, zealous and true Justice.

i. Lic. I cannot hold; if there be any People,
Of what degree soever, or what quality,
That would behold the wonderful works of Justice
In a new Officer, a Man conceal'd yet,
Let him repair, and see, and hear, and wonder
At the most wise and gracious *Getianus*.

Enter Delphia, and Drusilla.

Geta. This qualifies a little. What are these?

Del. You shall not mourn still: Times of Recreation,
To allay this sadness, must be sought. What's here?

A superstitious Flock of senseless People

Worshiping a Sign in Office? *Geta.* Lay hold on her,
And hold her fast,

She'll slip thorow your Fingers like an Eel else;

I know her tricks; hold her, I say, and bind her,

Or hang her first, and then I'll tell her wherefore.

Del. What have I done?

Geta. Thou hast done enough to undo thee;

Thou hast pressed to the Emperor's Presence without my Warrant,
I being his Key and Image. *Del.* You are an Image indeed,

And of the coursest stuff, and the worst making

That e'er I look'd on yet; I'll make as good an Image of an Ass.

Geta. Besides, thou art a Woman of a lewd Life.

Del. I am no Whore, Sir, nor no common Fame
Has yet proclaim'd me to the People, vicious.

Geta. Thou art to me a damnable lewd Woman,

Which is as much as all the People swore it;

I know thou art a keeper of tame Devils:

And whereas great and grave Men of my Place

Can by the Laws be allow'd but one apiece,

For their own Services and Recreations;

Thou, like a traiterous Queen, keep'st twenty Devils;

Twenty in ordinary. *Del.* Pray ye, Sir, be pacified,

If that be all; and if ye want a Servant,

You shall have one of mine shall serve for nothing,

Faithful, and diligent, and a wise Devil too;

Think for what End.

Geta. Let her alone, 'tis useful;

We Men of Business must use speedy Servants:

Let me see your Family.

Del.

Due only to your Husband, *Dioclesian*;
 This free Behaviour only his. *Aur.* 'Tis strange,
 That only empty Names compel Affections:
 This Man, ye see, give him what Name or Title,
 Let it be ne'er so poor, ne'er so despis'd, Brother,
 This lovely Man——

Max. Though I be hang'd, I'll forward;
 For certain, I am excellent, and knew not.

Aur. This rare and sweet young Man, see how he looks, Sir.

Max. I'll juttle hard, dear Uncle. *Aur.* This thing, I say,
 Let him be what he will, or bear what Fortune,
 This most unequall'd Man, this spring of Beauty,
 Deserves the Bed of *Juno*. *Cha.* You are not mad.

Max. I hope she be; I am sure I am little better.

Aur. O fair sweet Man!

Cha. For Shame refrain this Impudence.

Max. Would I had her alone, that I might seal this Blessing:
 Sure, sure she should not beg: If this continue,
 As I hope Heav'n it will, Uncle, I'll nick ye,
 I'll nick ye, by this Life. Some would fear killing
 In the Pursuit now of so rare a Venture:

Enter Diocles

I am covetous to die for such a Beauty.

Mine Uncle comes; now, if she stand, I am happy:

Cha. Be right again, for Honour's sake.

Dio. Fair Mistress——

Aur. What Man is this? Away. What sawcy Fellow?
 Dare any such base Groom press to salute me?

Dio. Have ye forgot me, Fair, or do you jest with me?
 I'll tell ye what I am: Come, pray ye look lovely.

Nothing but Frowns and Scorns? *Aur.* Who is this Fellow?

Dio. I'll tell ye who I am; I am your Husband.

Aur. Husband to me? *Dio.* To you. I am *Dioclesian*.

Max. More of this Sport, and I am made, old Mother:
 Effect but this thou hast begun. *Dio.* I am he, Lady,
 Reveng'd your Brother's Death; slew cruel *Aper*:
 I am he the Soldier courts, the Empire honours,
 Your Brother loves, am he, my lovely Mistress,
 Will make you Empress of the World.

Max. Still excellent:

Now I see too, mine Uncle may be cozen'd.

An Emperor may suffer like another.

Well said, old Mother, hold but up this Miracle.

Aur. Thou ly'st, thou art not he; thou a brave Fellow?

Cha. Is there no Shame, no Modesty in Women?

Aur. Thou one of high and full Mark?

Dio.

Dio. Gods, what ails she?

Aur. Generous and noble? Fie, thou liest most basely.
Thy Face, and all Aspect upon thee, tells me
Thou art a poor *Dalmatian* Slave, a low thing
Not worth the Name of *Roman*: Stand off farther.

Dio. What may this mean?

Aur. Come hither, my *Endymion*;
Come, shew thy self, and all Eyes be blessed in thee.

Dio. Hah? what is this?

Aur. Thou fair Star that I live by,
Look lovely on me, break into full Brightness:
Look, here's a Face now, of another making,
Another Mold; here's a divine Proportion,
Eyes fit for *Phæbus*' self, to gild the World with;
And there's a Brow arch'd like the State of Heav'n;
Look how it bends, and with what Radiance,
As if the Synod of the Gods fate under:
Look there, and wonder; now behold that Fellow,
That admirable thing, cut with an Ax out.

Max. Old Woman, though I cannot give thee recompence,
Yet, certainly, I'll make thy Name as glorious.

Dio. Is this in truth?

Cha. She is mad, and you must pardon her.

Dio. She hangs upon him, see.

Cha. Her Fit is strong now:

Be not you passionate. *Dio.* She kisses.

Cha. Let her;

'Tis but the Fondness of her Fit.

Dio. I am fool'd,
And if I suffer this.

Cha. Pray ye, Friend, be pacify'd,
This will be off anon: She goes in.

[Exit Aurelia.

Dio. Sirrah. *Max.* What say you, Sir?

Dio. How dare thy Lips, thy base Lips?

Max. I am your Kinsman, Sir, and no such base one:
I sought no Kisses, nor I had no Reason
To kick the Princess from me; 'twas no Manners:
I never yet compell'd her, of her Courtesie
What she bestows, Sir, I am thankful for.

Dio. Be gone, Villain.

Max. I will, and I will go off with that Glory,
And magnifie my Fate. *Dio.* Good Brother leave me, [Ex. Max.
I am to my self a trouble now. *Cha.* I am sorry for't.
You'll find it but a Woman-Fit to try ye.

Dio. It may be so; I hope so.

Cha. I am asham'd, and what I think I blush at.

[Exit
Dio.

Dio. I'll die a Dog first.

Now I am reconcil'd, I will enjoy her
In spight of all thy Spirits, and thy Witchcrafts.

Del. Thou shalt not, Fool.

Dio. I will, old doating Devil;
And wert thou any thing but Air and Spirit,
My Sword should tell thee.

Del. I contemn thy Threatnings,
And thou shalt know I hold a Power above thee.
We must remove *Aurelia*: Come, farewell Fool.

When thou shalt see me next, thou shalt bow to me.

Dio. Look thou appear no more to cross my Pleasures. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Chorus.

SO full of Matter is our History,
Yet mix'd, I hope, with sweet Variety,
The Accidents not vulgar too, but rare,
And fit to be presented, that there wants
Room in this narrow Stage, and Time to express
In Action to the Life, our Dioclesian
In his full Lustre: Yet (as the Statuarie,
That by the large size of Alcides' Foot,
Guess'd at his whole proportion) so we hope,
Your apprehensive Judgements will conceive
Out of the Shadow we can only shew,
How fair the Body was; and will be pleased,
Out of your wonted Goodness, to behold,
As in a silent Mirror, what we cannot
With fit conveniency of Time, allow'd
For such Presentments, cloath in Vocal Sounds.
Yet with such Art the Subject is convey'd,
That every Scene and Passage shall be clear
Even to the grossest Understander here.

[Loud Musick.

Dumb Shew.

Enter (at one Door) *Delphia*, *Ambassadors*, they whisper together; they take an Oath upon her Hand; She circles them (kneeling) with her Magick Rod; They rise and draw their Swords.

Enter (at the other Door) *Dioclesian*, *Charinus*, *Maximinian*, *Niger*, *Aurelia*, *Cassana*, *Guard*; *Charinus* and *Niger* perswading *Aurelia*; She offers to imbrace *Maximinian*, *Diocles* draws his Sword, keeps off *Maximinian*, turns to *Aurelia*, kneels to her, lays his
Sword

Sword at her Feet, she scornfully turns away: *Delphia* gives a sign; the Ambassadors and Soldiers rush upon them, seize on *Aurelia*, *Cassana*, *Charinus*, and *Maximinian*; *Dioclesian*, and others offer to rescue them, *Delphia* raises a Mist: *Exeunt* Ambassadors and Prisoners, and the rest discontented.

*The skilful Delphia finding by sure Proof
The Presence of Aurelia dim'd the Beauty
Of her Drusilla; and in spite of Charms,
The Emperor her Brother, Great Charinus,
Still urg'd her to the Love of Dioclesian,
Deals with the Persian Legats, that were bound
For the Ransom of Cassana, to remove
Aurelia, Maximinian, and Charinus
Out of the sight of Rome; but takes their Oaths
(In lieu of her Assistance) that they shall not,
On any terms, when they were in their Power,
Presume to touch their Lives: This yielded to,
They lye in Ambush for 'em. Dioclesian
Still mad for fair Aurelia, that doated
As much upon Maximinian, twice had kill'd him,
But that her Frown restrain'd him: He pursues her
With all Humility, but she continues
Proud and disdainful. The Sign given by Delphia,
The Persians break thorow, and seize upon
Charinus and his Sister, with Maximinian,
And free Cassana. For their speedy Rescue,
Enraged Dioclesian draws his Sword,
And bids his Guard assist him: Then too weak
Had been all Opposition and Resistance,
The Persians could have made against their Fury,
If Delphia by her Cunning had not rais'd
A foggy Mist, which as a Cloud conceal'd them,
Deceiving their Pursuers. Now be pleas'd,
That your Imaginations may help you
To think them safe in Persia, and Dioclesian
For this Disaster circled round with Sorrow,
Yet mindful of the wrong. Their future Fortunes
We will present in Action; and are bold
In that which follows, that the most shall say,
'Twas well begun, but the End crown'd the Play.*

[Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter Diocles, Niger, Senators, and Guard.

Dio. Talk not of Comfort; I have broke my Faith,
And the Gods fight against me: And proud Man,

However

However magnified, is but as Dust -
 Before the raging Whirlwind of their Justice.
 What is it to be great? Ador'd on Earth?
 When the immortal Powers that are above us
 Turn all our Blessings into horrid Curses,
 And laugh at our Resistance, or Prevention
 Of what they purpose? O the Furies that
 I feel within me! Whip'd on, by their Angers,
 For my Tormentors. Could it else have been
 In Nature, that a few poor fugitive *Persians*,
 Unfriended, and unarm'd too, could have rob'd me
 (In *Rome*, the Word's *Metropolis*, and her Glory;
 In *Rome*, where I command, environ'd round
 With such invincible Troops that know no fear,
 But want of noble Enemies) of those Jewels
 I priz'd above my Life, and I want Power
 To free them, if those Gods I have provok'd
 Had not given spirit to the Undertakers,
 And in their deed protected 'em? *Nig. Great Cæsar*,
 Your Safety does confirm you are their care,
 And that howe'er their practices reach others,
 You stand above their Malice. *I Sen. Rome* in us
 Offers (as means to further your Revenge)
 The Lives of her best Citizens, and all
 They stand possess'd of.

1. Guard. Do but lead us on
 With that invincible and undaunted Courage
 Which waited bravely on you, when you appear'd
 The Minion of Conquest, married rather
 To glorious Victory, and we will drag
 (Though all the Enemies of Life conspire
 Against our Undertakings) the proud *Persians*
 Out of his strongest hold.

2. Guard. Be but your self,
 And do not talk but do.

3. Guard. You have Hands and Swords,
 Limbs to make up a well proportion'd Army,
 That only want in you an Head to lead us.

Dio. The Gods reward your Goodness; and believe,
 Howe'er (for some great Sin) I am mark'd out
 The object of their Hate, though *Jove* stood ready
 To dart his three-fold Thunder on this Head,
 It could not fright me from a fierce Pursuit
 Of my Revenge: I will redeem my Friends,
 And with my Friends mine Honour; at least fall
 Like to my self, a Soldier. *Nig. Now we hear*

Great *Dioclesian* speak. *Dio.* Draw up our Legions.
 And let it be your Care, my much lov'd *Niger*,
 To hasten the remove: And Fellow-soldiers,
 Your love to me will teach you to endure
 Both long and tedious Marches.

i Guard. Die he accurs'd
 That thinks of Rest or Sleep, before he sets
 His Foot on *Persian* Earth.

Nig. We know our Glory:
 The Dignity of *Rome*, and what's above
 All can be urg'd, the Quiet of your Mind,
 Depends upon our haste. *Dio.* Remove to Night;
 Five days shall bring me to you. *All.* Happiness
 To *Cæsar*, and glorious Victory.

[*Exeunt.*]

Dio. The Cheerfulness of my Soldiers gives assurance
 Of good Success abroad; if first I make
 My Peace at home here. There is something chides me,
 And sharply tells me, that my breach of Faith
 To *Delphia* and *Drusilla*, is the ground
 Of my Misfortunes: And I must remember,
 While I was lov'd, and in great *Delphia's* Grace,
 She was as my good Angel, and bound Fortune
 To prosper my Designs; I must appease her:
 Let others pay their Knees, their Vows, their Prayers
 To weak imagin'd Powers; she is my All,
 And thus I do invoke her. Knowing *Delphia*,
 Thou more than Woman, and though thou vouchsafest
 To grace the Earth with thy celestial Steps,
 And taste this grosser Air, thy heav'nly Spirit
 Hath free access to all the secret Counsels
 Which a full Senate of the Gods determine
 When they consider Man: The Brass-lev'd Book
 Of Fate lies open to thee, where thou read'st,
 And fashionest the Destinies of Men
 At thy wish'd pleasure: Look upon thy Creature,
 And as thou twice hast pleased to appear
 To reprehend my Falshood, now vouchsafe
 To see my low Submission.

[*Delphia and Drusilla appear.*]

Del. What's thy Will?
 False, and unthankful, (and in that deserving
 All human Sorrows) dar'st thou hope from me
 Relief or Comfort? *Dio.* Penitence does appease
 Th'incens'd Powers, and Sacrifice takes off
 Their heavy Angers; thus I tender both:
 The Master of great *Rome*, and in that, Lord
 Of all the Sun gives heat and being to,

Thus sue for Mercy: Be but as thou wert,
 The Pilot to the Bark of my good Fortunes,
 And once more steer my Actions to the Port
 Of glorious Honour, and if I fall off
 Hereafter from my Faith to this sweet Virgin,
 Join with those Powers that punish Perjury,
 To make me an Example, to deter
 Others from being false. *Dru.* Upon my Soul
 You may believe him; nor did he e'er purpose
 To me but nobly; he made Tryal how
 I could endure Unkindness; I see Truth
 Triumphant in his Sorrow. Dearest Aunt,
 Both credit him, and help him; and on assurance
 That what I plead for, you cannot deny,
 I raise him thus; and with this willing Kiss
 I seal his Pardon. *Dio.* O that I e'er look'd
 Beyond this Abstract of all Womans goodness.

Del. I am thine again; thus I confirm our League;
 I know thy Wishes, and how much thou suffer'st
 In Honour for thy Friends; thou shalt repair all,
 For to thy Fleet I'll give a fore-right wind
 To pass the *Persian* Gulf; remove all lets
 That may molest thy Soldiers in their March
 That pass by Land: and Destiny is false,
 If thou prove not Victorious: Yet remember,
 When thou art rais'd up to the highest point
 Of human Happiness, such as move beyond it
 Must of necessity descend. Think on't,
 And use those Blessings that the Gods pour on you
 With moderation. *Dio.* As their Oracle
 I hear you, and obey you, and will follow
 Your grave directions. *Del.* You will not repent it. [Exeunt.

S C E N E . III.

Enter Niger, Geta, Guard, Soldiers, and Ensigns.

Nig. How do you like your Entrance to the War?
 When the whole Body of the Army moves,
 Shews it not gloriously? *Geta.* 'Tis a fine May-game;
 But eating and drinking I think are forbid in't,
 (I mean, with leasure) we walk on, and feed
 Like hungry Boys that haste to School; or as
 We carried Fish to the City, dare stay no where,
 For fear our Ware should stink. *1 Guard.* That's the necessity
 Of our speedy March. *Geta.* Sir, I do love my ease,
 And though I hate all Seats of Judicature,

I mean in the City, for conveniency,
 I still will be a Justice in the War,
 And ride upon my Foot-cloth. I hope a Captain
 (And a Gown'd Captain too) may be dispens'd with.
 I tell you, and do not mock me, when I was poor,
 I could endure like others, Cold and Hunger;
 But since I grew rich, let but my Finger ake,
 Or feel but the least pain in my great Toe,
 Unless I have a Doctor, mine own Doctor,
 That may assure me, I am gone.

Nig. Come, fear not;
 You shall want nothing.

1 Guard. We will make you fight
 As you were mad.

Geta. Not too much of fighting, Friend;
 It is thy Trade, that art a common Soldier;
 We Officers, by our place, may share the Spoil,
 And never sweat for't.

2 Guard. You shall kill for practice
 But your dozen or two a Day.

Geta. Thou talk'st as if
 Thou wert lousing thy self; but yet I will make danger,
 If I prove one of the Worthies, so: However,
 I'll have the fear of the Gods before my Eyes,
 And do no hurt, I warrant you.

Nig. Come, march on,
 And humour him for our Mirth.

1 Guard. 'Tis a fine Peak-goose.

Nig. But one that fools to the Emperour, and in that,
 A wise Man and a Soldier.

1 Guard. True Morality.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Cosroe, Cassana, Persians; and Charinus, Maximinian, Au-
 relia, (*bound*) with Soldiers.

Cof. Now by the *Persian* Gods, most truly welcome,
 Encompass'd thus with Tributary Kings,
 I entertain you. Lend your helping Hands
 To seat her by me; and thus rais'd, bow all,
 To do her Honour: O, my best *Cassana*,
 Sister, and Partner of my Life and Empire,
 We'll teach thee to forget with present Pleasures
 Thy late Captivity; and this proud *Roman*,
 That us'd thee as a Slave, and did disdain
 A Princely Ransom, shall, if she repine,

Be forc'd by various Tortures to adore
 What she of late contemn'd. *Cas.* All Greatness ever
 Attend *Cosroe*: Though *Persia* be stil'd
 The Nurse of Pomp and Pride; we'll leave to *Rome*
 Her Native Cruelty. For know, *Aurelia*,
 A *Roman* Princess, and a *Cæsar's* Sister,
 Though now, like thee captiv'd, I can forget,
 Thy barbarous Usage: and though thou to me,
 When I was in thy Power, didst shew thy self
 A most insulting Tyranness, I to thee
 May prove a gentle Mistress. *Aur.* O my Stars,
 A Mistress? can I love, and owe that Name
 To Flesh and Blood? I was born to command,
 Train'd up in Sovereignty? and I, in Death,
 Can quit the Name of Slave: She that scorns Life,
 May mock Captivity. *Cha.* *Rome* will be *Rome*
 When we are nothing; and her Pow'rs the same
 Which you once quak'd at. *Max.* *Dioclesian* lives;
 Hear it, and tremble: Lives, thou King of *Persia*,
 The Master of his Fortune, and his Honour:
 And though by devilish Arts we were surpriz'd,
 And made the Prey of Magick and of Theft,
 And not won nobly, we shall be redeem'd,
 And by a *Roman* War; and every Wrong
 We suffer here, with interest be return'd
 On the insulting Doer. 1 *Per.* Sure these *Romans*
 Are more than Men.

2 *Per.* Their great Hearts will not yield,
 They cannot bend to any adverse Fate,
 Such is their Confidence.

Cos. They then shall break.
 Why, you rebellious Wretches, dare you still
 Contend, when the least breath, or nod of mine
 Marks you out for the fire? or to be made
 The Prey of Wolves or Vultures? The vain Name
 Of *Roman* Legions, I slight thus, and scorn;
 And for that boasted Bug-bear, *Dioclesian*,
 Which you presume on, would he were the Master
 But of the Spirit, to meet me in the Field,
 He soon should find, that our immortal Squadrons,
 That with full numbers ever are supply'd,
 (Could it be possible they should decay)
 Dare front his boldest Troops, and scatter 'em,
 As an high tow'ring Falcon on her Stretches,
 Severs the fearful Fowl. And by the Sun,
 The Moon, the Winds, the nourishers of Life,

And

And by this Sword, the instrument of Death,
 Since that you fly not humbly to our Mercy,
 But yet dare hope your Liberty by Force;
 If *Dioclesian* dare not attempt
 To free you with his Sword; all Slavery
 That Cruelty can find out to make you wretched,
 Falls heavy on you.

Max. If the Sun keeps his Course,
 And the Earth can bear his Soldiers March, I fear not.

Aur. Or Liberty, or Revenge.

Cha. On that I build too.

[A Trumpet.

Aur. A Roman Trumpet!

Max. 'Tis: Comes it not like
 A Pardon to a Man condemn'd?

Enter Niger.

Cof. Admit him.

The purpose of thy coming?

Nig. My great Master,

The Lord of *Rome*, (in that all Power is spoken)
 Hoping that thou wilt prove a noble Enemy,
 And (in thy bold Resistance) worth his Conquest,
 Defies thee, *Cosroe*. *Max.* There is fire in this.

Nig. And to encourage thy laborious Powers
 To tug for Empire, dares thee to the Field,
 With this assurance, if thy Sword can win him,
 Or force his Legions with thy barbed Horse,
 But to forsake their Ground, that not alone
 Wing'd Victory shall take stand on thy Tent,
 But all the Provinces and Kingdoms held
 By the *Roman* Garrisons in this Eastern World,
 Shall be delivered up, and he himself
 Acknowledge thee his Sovereign. In return
 Of this large Offer, he asks only this,
 That 'till the doubtful Dye of War determine
 Who has most Power, and should command the other,
 Thou wouldst entreat thy Prisoners like their Births,
 And not their present Fortune; and to bring 'em
 Guarded, into thy Tent, with thy best Strengths,
 Thy ablest Men of War, and thou thy self
 Sworn to make good the Place. And if he fail
 (Maugre all Opposition can be made)
 In his own Person to compel his Way,
 And fetch them safely off, the Day is thine,
 And he, like these, thy Prisoner.

Cof. Though I receive this
 But as a *Roman* Brave, I do embrace it,

And

And love the Sender. Tell him, I will bring
 My Prisoners to the Field, and without odds,
 Against his single Force, alone defend 'em;
 Or else with equal Numbers. Courage, noble Princes,
 And let Posterity record, that we
 This memorable Day restor'd to *Persia*,
 That Empire of the World great *Philip's* Son
 Ravish'd from us, and *Greece* gave up to *Rome*.
 This our strong Comfort, that we cannot fall
 Ingloriously, since we contend for all.

[*Exeunt.*
Flourish, Alarms.]

S C E N E V.

Enter Geta, Guard and Soldiers.

Geta. I'll swear the Peace against 'em, I am hurt,
 Run for a Surgeon, or I faint.

1 *Guard.* Bear up Man,
 'Tis but a Scratch.

Geta. Scoring a Man o'er the Coxcomb
 Is but a scratch with you:——o'your Occupation,
 Your scurvy scuffling Trade: I was told before
 My Face was bad enough; but now I look
 Like bloody Bone, and raw Head, to fright Children;
 I am for no use else.

2 *Guard.* Thou shalt fright Men.

1 *Guard.* You look so terrible now; but see your Face
 In the Pummel of my Sword.

Geta. I die, I am gone.
 Oh my sweet Physiognomy.

Enter three Persians.

2 *Guard.* They come;
 Now fight, or die indeed.

Geta. I will scape this way:
 I cannot hold my Sword: What would you have
 Of a maim'd Man?

1 *Guard.* Nay, then I have a Goad
 To prick you forward, Ox.

2 *Guard.* Fight like a Man,
 Or die like a Dog.

Geta. Shall I, like *Cæsar* fall
 Among my Friends? No Mercy? *Et tu Brute?*
 You shall not have the Honour of my Death,
 I'll fall by the Enemy first.

1 *Guard.* O brave, brave *Geta*;
 He plays the Devil now.

[*Persians driven off.*]

Enter

Enter Niger.

Niger. Make up for Honour,
The *Persians* shrink. The Passage is laid open,
Great *Dioclesian* like a second *Mars*,
His strong Arm govern'd by the fierce *Bellona*,
Performs more than a Man: his Shield struck full
Of *Persian* Darts; which now are his Defence
Against the Enemies Swords, still leads the way.
Of all the *Persian* Forces, one strong Squadron,

[*Alarms continued.*

In which *Cosroe* in his own Person fights,
Stands firm, and yet unrouted: Break thro' that,
The Day and all is ours.

[*Retreat.*

All. Victory, Victory.

[*Exeunt. Flourish.*

SCENE VI.

Enter (in Triumph with Roman Ensigns) Guard, *Dioclesian*, *Charinus*, *Aurelia*, *Maximinian*, *Niger*, *Geta*; *Cosroe*, *Cassana*, *Persians*, as Prisoners; *Delphia*, *Drusilla*, privately.

Dio. I am rewarded in the Act: Your Freedom
To me's ten thousand Triumphs: You, Sir, share
In all my Glories. And unkind *Aurelia*,
From being a Captive, still command the Victor.
Nephew, remember by whose gift you are free:
You I afford my Pity; baser Minds
Insult on the afflicted. You shall know,
Virtue and Courage is admir'd and lov'd
In Enemies; but more of that hereafter.
Thanks to your Valour; to your Swords I owe
This Wreath triumphant. Nor be thou forgot,
My first poor Bondman. *Geta*, I am glad
Thou art turn'd Fighter. *Geta.* 'Twas against my Will;
But now I am content with't. *Char.* But imagine
What Honours can be done to you beyond these,
Transcending all Example; 'tis in you
To will, in us to serve it. *Nig.* We will have
His Statue of pure Gold set in the Capitol,
And he that bows not to it as a God,
Makes forfeit of his Head. *Max.* I burst with Envy;
And yet these Honours, which conferr'd on me,
Would make me pace on Air, seem not to move him.

Dio. Suppose this done, or were it possible
I could rise higher still, I am a Man,
And all these Glories, Empires heap'd upon me,
Confirm'd by constant Friends and faithful Guards,

Cannot

Cannot defend me from a shaking Feaver,
 Or bribe the uncorrupted Dart of Death
 To spare me one short Minute. Thus adorn'd
 In these triumphant Robes, my Body yields not
 A greater Shadow than it did when I
 Liv'd both poor and obscure; a Sword's sharp Point
 Enters my Flesh as far; Dreams break my Sleep
 As when I was a private Man; my Passions
 Are stronger Tyrants on me; nor is Greatness
 A saving Antidote to keep me from
 A Traitor's Poison. Shall I praise my Fortune,
 Or raise the building of my Happiness
 On her uncertain Favour? Or presume
 She is my own, and sure, that yet was never
 Constant to any? Should my Reason fail me
 (As flattery oft corrupts it) here's an Example,
 To speak how far her Smiles are to be trusted;
 The rising Sun, this Morning, saw this Man
 The *Perſian* Monarch, and thoſe Subjects proud
 That had the Honour but to kiſs his Feet;
 And yet e'er his diurnal Progreſs ends,
 He is the ſcorn of Fortune: But you'll ſay,
 That ſhe forſook him for his want of Courage,
 But never leaves the Bold. Now by my hopes
 Of Peace and Quiet here, I never met
 A braver Enemy: And to make it good,
Cofroe, Caſſana, and the reſt, be free,
 And Ransomeleſs return. *Cof.* To ſee this Virtue
 Is more to me than Empire; and to be
 O'ercome by you a glorious Victory.

Max. What a Devil means he next?

Dio. I know that Glory

Is like *Alcides'* Shirt, if it ſtay on us
 Till Pride hath mix'd it with our Blood; nor can we
 Part with't at Pleaſure, when we would uncaſe,
 It brings along with it both Fleſh and Sinews,
 And leaves us living Monſters. *Max.* Would it were come
 To my turn to put it on, I'd run the hazard.

Dio. No, I will not be pluck'd out by the Ears
 Out of this glorious Caſtle; uncompell'd
 I will ſurrender rather: Let it ſuffice,
 I have touch'd the height of human Hapineſs
 And here I fix *Nil ultra*. Hitherto
 I have liv'd a Servant to ambitious Thoughts,
 And fading Glories; what remains of Life,
 I dedicate to Virtue; and to keep

My Faith untainted, farewell Pride and Pomp,
 And circumstance of glorious Majesty,
 Farewel for ever. Nephew, I have noted,
 That you have long with sore Eyes look'd upon
 My flourishing Fortune; you shall have possession
 Of my Felicity: I deliver up
 My Empire, and this Jem I priz'd above it,
 And all things else that made me worth your Envy,
 Freely unto you. Gentle Sir, your Suffrage,
 To strengthen this; the Soldiers Love I doubt not;
 His Valour, Gentlemen, will deserve your Favours,
 Which let my Prayers further. All is yours.
 But I have been too liberal, and giv'n that
 I must beg back again. *Max.* What am I fain from?

Dio. Nay, start not: It is only the poor Grange,
 The Patrimony which my Father left me,
 I would be Tenant to. *Max.* Sir, I am yours:
 I will attend you there. *Dio.* No, keep the Court,
 Seek you in *Rome* for Honour: I will labour
 To find Content elsewhere. Disswade me not,
 By———, I am resolv'd. And now *Drusilla*,
 Being as poor as when I vow'd to make thee
 My Wife, if thy Love since hath felt no change,
 I am ready to perform it. *Dru.* I still lov'd
 Your Person, not your Fortunes; in a Cottage,
 Being yours, I am an Empress. *Del.* And I'll make
 The Change most happy. *Dio.* Do me then the Honour,
 To see my Vow perform'd. You but attend
 My Glories to the Urn; where be it Ashes,
 Welcome my mean Estate; and as a due,
 Wish Rest to me, I Honour unto you.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Chorus.

Cho. **T**HE War with Glory ended, and Cosroe,
 Acknowledging his Fealty to Charinus,
 Dismiss'd in Peace, returns to Persia:
 The rest, arriving safely unto Rome,
 Are entertain'd with Triumphs: Maximinian,
 By the grace and intercession of his Uncle,
 Saluted Cæsar: but good Dioclesian,
 Weary of Pomp and State, retires himself
 With a small Train, to a most private Grange
 In Lombardy; where the glad Country strives

G

With

With Rural Sports to give him Entertainment:

With which delighted, he with ease forgets

All specious Trifles, and securely tastes

The certain Pleasures of a private Life.

But oh Ambition, that eats into,

With venom'd Teeth, true Thankfulness and Honour,

And to support her Greatness, fashions Fears,

Doubts, and Preventions to decline all dangers,

Which in the place of Safety, prove her Ruin:

All which he pleas'd to see in Maximinian,

To whom, his confer'd Sovereignty was like

A large Sail fill'd full with a fore-right Wind,

That drowns a smaller Bark: And he once fall'n

Into Ingratitude, makes no stop in Mischief,

But violently runs on. Allow Maximinian all,

Honour, and Empire absolute Command;

Yet being ill, long Great he cannot stand.

[Exit.

S C E N E II.

Enter Maximinian and Aurelia.

Aur. Why droops my Lord, my Love, my Life, my *Cæsar*?

How ill this dullness doth comport with Greatness?

Does not, with open Arms, your Fortune court you?

Rome know you for her Master? I my self

Confess you for my Husband? love, and serve you?

If you contemn not these, and think them Curses,

I know no Blessings that ambitious Flesh

Could wish to feel beyond 'em. *Max.* Best *Aurelia,*

The Parent and the Nurse to all my Glories,

'Tis not that thus embracing you, I think

There is a Heav'n beyond it, that begets

These sad Retirements; but the fear to lose

What it is Hell to part with: Better to have liv'd

Poor and obscure, and never scal'd the top

Of hilly Empire, than to die with fear

To be thrown headlong down, almost as soon

As we have reach'd it.

Aur. These are Pannick Terrors

You fashion to your self: Is not my Brother

(Your Equal and Co-partner in the Empire)

Vow'd and confirm'd your Friend? the Soldier constant?

Harsh not your Uncle *Dioclesian* taken

His last farewell o'th' World? What then can shake ye?

Max. The Thought I may be shaken, and assurance

That what we do possess is not our own,

But

But has depending on another's favour:
 For nothing's more uncertain, my *Aurelia*,
 Than Power that stands not on his proper Basis,
 But borrows his Foundation. I'll make plain
 My cause of doubts and fears; for what should I
 Conceal from you, that are to be familiar
 With my most private Thoughts? Is not the Empire
 My Uncle's Gift? and may he not resume it
 Upon the least distaste? Does not *Charinus*
 Cross me in my designs? And what is Majesty
 When 'tis divided? Does not the insolent Soldier
 Call my Command his Donative? And what can take
 More from our Honour? No, my wife *Aurelia*,
 If I to you am more than all the World,
 As sure you are to me; as we desire
 To be secure, we must be absolute,
 And know no Equal; when your Brother borrows
 The little Splendor that he has from us,
 And we are serv'd for fear, not at entreaty,
 We may live safe; but 'till then, we but walk
 With heavy burthens on a Sea of Glass,
 And our own weight will sink us.

Aur. Your Mother brought you
 Into the World an Emperor; you perswade
 But what I would have counsell'd: Nearness of Blood,
 Respect of Piety, and Thankfulness,
 And all the holy dreams of virtuous Fools,
 Must vanish into nothing, when Ambition,
 The maker of great Minds, and nurse of Honour,
 Puts in for Empire. On then, and forget
 Your simple Uncle; think he was the Master
 (In being once an Emperor) of a Jewel,
 Whose worth and use he knew not: For *Charinus*,
 No more my Brother, if he be a stop
 To what you purpose; he to me's a Stranger,
 And so to be remov'd. *Max.* Thou more than Woman,
 Thou masculine Greatness, to whose soaring Spirit
 To touch the Stars seems but an easie flight,
 O how I glory in thee! those great Women
 Antiquity is proud of, thou but nam'd,
 Shall be no more remembred; but persevere,
 And thou shalt shine among those lesser lights,

Enter Charinus, Niger, and Guard.

To all Posterity, like another *Phoebe*,
 And so ador'd as she is. *Aur.* Here's *Charinus*,
 His Brow furrow'd with Anger. *Max.* Let him storm,

And you shall hear me Thunder. *Cha.* He dispose of
My Provinces at his Pleasure? and confer
Those honours, that are only mine to give,
Upon his Creatures? *Nig.* Mighty Sir, ascribe it
To his assurance of your Love and Favour,
And not to Pride or Malice.

Cha. No, good *Niger*,
Courtesie shall not fool me; he shall know
I lent a Hand to raise him, and defend him,
While he continues good; but the same Strength,
If Pride make him usurp upon my Right,
Shall strike him to the Center. You are well met, Sir.

Max. As you make the Encounter: Sir, I hear,
That you repine, and hold your self much griev'd,
In that, without your good leave, I bestow'd
The *Gallian* Proconsulship upon
A Follower of mine.

Cha. 'Tis true, and wonder
You durst attempt it.

Max. Durst, *Charinus*?

Cha. Durst;

Again I speak it: Think you me so tame,
So leaden and unactive, to sit down
With such Dishonour? But, recall your Grant,
And speedily; or by the *Roman*——
Thou trip'st thine own Heels up, and hast no part
In *Rome*, or in the Empire.

Max. Thou hast none,
But by permission: Alas, poor *Charinus*,
Thou shadow of an Emperor, I scorn thee,
Thee, and thy foolish Threats: The Gods appoint him
The absolute Disposer of the Earth,
That has the sharpest Sword. I am sure, *Charinus*,
Thou wear'st one without edge. When cruel *Aper*
Had kill'd *Numerianus*, thy Brother,
An act that would have made a trembling Coward
More daring than *Alcides*, thy base fear
Made thee wink at it; then rose up my Uncle,
For the Honour of the Empire, and of *Rome*,
Against the Traytor, and among his Guards
Punish'd the Treason: This bold daring act
Got him the Soldiers Suffrages to be *Cesar*.
And howsoever his too gentle Nature
Allow'd thee the Name only, as his Gift,
I challenge the Succession.

Con. Thou art cozen'd.

When the Receiver of a courtesie
 Cannot sustain the weight it carries with it,
 'Tis but a Tryal, not a present Act.
 Thou hast in a few days of thy short Reign,
 In over-weening Pride, Riot and Lusts,
 Sham'd noble *Dioclesian*, and his Gift;
 Nor doubt I, when it shall arrive unto
 His certain knowledge, how the Empire groans
 Under thy Tyranny, but he will forsake
 His private Life, and once again resume
 His laid-by Majesty; or at least, make choice
 Of such an *Atlas* as may bear this burthen,
 Too heavy for thy Shoulders. To effect this,
 Lend your assistance, Gentlemen, and then doubt not
 But that this Mushroom, sprung up in a Night,
 Shall as soon wither. And for you, *Aurelia*,
 If you esteem your Honour more than Tribute
 Paid to your loathsome Appetite, as a Fury
 Fly from his loose Embraces; so farewell:
 E'er long you shall hear more.

[*Exeunt.*]

Aur. Are you struck Dumb,
 That you make no Reply?

Max. Sweet, I will do,
 And after talk: I will prevent their Plots,
 And turn them on their own accursed Heads.
 My Uncle? good, I must not know the Names
 Of Piety or Pity. Steel my Heart,
 Desire of Empire, and instruct me, that
 The Prince that over others would bear sway,
 Checks at no Let that stops him in his way.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter three Shepherds, and two Country-men.

1. *Shep.* Do you think this great Man will continue here?

2. *Shep.* Continue here? what else? he has bought the great
 Farm;

A great Man, with a great Inheritance,
 And all the Ground about it, all the Woods too,
 And stock'd it like an Emperor. Now, all our sports again,
 And all our merry Gambols, our May-Ladies,
 Our Evening Dances on the Green, our Songs,
 Our Holiday good chear, our Bagpipes now, Boys,
 Shall make the wanton Lasses skip again,
 Our Sheep-shearings, and all our knacks.

3. *Shep.* But hark ye,

We

We must not call him Emperor.

1 *Countr.* That's all one,
He is the King of good Fellows, that's no Treason;
And so I'll call him still, though I be hang'd for't.
I grant ye, he has given his Honour to another Man,
He cannot give his Humour; he is a brave Fellow,
And will love us, and we'll love him. Come hither, *Ladon*,
What new Songs, and what Geers?

3 *Shep.* Enough; I'll tell ye,
He comes abroad anon to view his Grounds,
And with the help of *Thirsis*, and old *Egon*,
(If his whorson Cold be gone) and *Amaryllis*,
And some few more o'th' Wenches, we will meet him,
And strike him such new Springs, and such free welcomes,
Shall make him scorn an Empire, forget Majesty,
And make him bless the hour he liv'd here happy.

2 *Countr.* And we will second ye, we honest Carters,
We Lads o'th' lash, with some blunt Entertainment,
Our Teams to two pence, we'll give him some Content,
Or we'll bawl fearfully.

3 *Shep.* He cannot expect now
His courtly Entertainments, and his rare Musicks,
And Ladies to delight him with their Voices;
Honest and chearful Toys from honest Meanings,
And the best Hearts they have. We must be neat all;
On goes my Ruffet Jerkin with blue Buttons.

1 *Shep.* And my green flops I was married in; my Bonnet,
With my Carnation Point with silver Tags, Boys;
You know where I won it.

1 *Countr.* Thou wilt ne'er be old, *Alexis*.

1 *Shep.* And I shall find some Toys that have been favours
And Nose-gays, and such Knacks; for there be Wenches.

3 *Shep.* My Mantle goes on too I play'd young *Paris* in,
And the new Garters *Amaryllis* sent me.

1 *Countr.* Yes, yes; we'll all be handsome, and wash our Faces:
Neighbour, I see a Remnant of *March* Dust
That's hatch'd into your Chaps: I pray ye be careful,

Enter Geta.

And mundifie your Muzzel.

2 *Countr.* I'll to th' Barber's,
It shall cost me I know what. Who's this?

3 *Shep.* Give room, Neighbours,
A great Man in our State; Gods bless your Worship.

2 *Countr.* Encrease your Mastership.

Geta. Thanks, my good People;
Stand off, and know your Duties: As I take it

You

You are the labouring People of this Village,
And you that keep the Sheep. Stand farther off yet,
And mingle not with my Authority,
I am too mighty for your Company.

3 *Shep.* We know it, Sir; and we desire your Worship
To reckon us amongst your humble Servants,
And that our Country Sports, Sir,——

Geta. For your Sports, Sir,
They may be seen, when I shall think convenient,
When out of my Discretion, I shall view 'em,
And hold 'em fit for Licence. Ye look upon me,
And look upon me seriously, as you knew me:
'Tis true, I have been a Rascal, as you are,
A Fellow of no mention, nor no mark,
Just such another Piece of Dirt, so fashion'd:
But Time, that purifies all things of Merit,
Has set another Stamp. Come nearer now,
And be not fearful; I take off my Austerity;
And know me for the great and mighty Steward
Under this Man of Honour; know ye for my Vassals,
And at my Pleasure I can dispeople ye,
Can blow you and your Cattle out o'th' Country:
But fear me, and have Favour. Come, go along with me,
And I will hear your Songs, and perhaps like 'em.

3 *Shep.* I hope you will, Sir.

Geta. 'Tis not a Thing impossible.
Perhaps I'll sing my self, the more to grace ye,
And if I like your Women.

3 *Shep.* We'll have the best, Sir,
Handsome young Girls.

Geta. The handsomer, the better.

Enter Delphia.

'May bring your Wives too, 'twill be all one Charge to ye;
For I must know your Families.

Del. 'Tis well said,
'Tis well said, honest Friends; I know ye are hatching
Some pleasurable Sports for your great Landlord;
Fill him with Joy, and win him a Friend to ye,
And make this little Grange seem a large Empire,
Let out with home Contents: I'll work his Favour,
Which daily shall be on ye.

3 *Shep.* Then we'll sing daily,
And make him the best Sports.

Del. Instruct 'em, *Geta*,
And be a merry Man again!

Geta. Will ye lend me a Devil,

That

That we may dance a while?

Del. I'll lend thee two.

And Bag-Pipes that shall blow alone:

Geta. I thank ye;

But I'll know your Devils of a cooler Complexion first.

Come, follow, follow; I'll go sit and see ye.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Diocles and Drusilla.

Del. Do; and be ready an Hour hence, and bring 'em;
For in the Grove you'll find him.

Dio. Come *Drusilla,*

The Partner of my best Contents: I hope now
You dare believe me.

Dru. Yes, and dare say to ye,
I think ye now most happy.

Dio. You say true, Sweet,
For by my—I find now by Experience,
Content was never Courtier.

Dru. I pray ye walk on, Sir;
The cool Shades of the Grove invite ye.

Dio. O my dearest!

When Man has cast off his ambitious Greatness,
And sunk into the Sweetness of himself;
Built his Foundation upon honest Thoughts,
Not great, but good Desires his daily Servants;
How quietly he sleeps! How joyfully
He wakes again, and looks on his Possessions,
And from his willing labours feeds with Pleasure?
Here hang no Comets in the shapes of Crowns,
To shake our sweet contents; nor here, *Drusilla,*
Cares, like Eclipses, darken our Endeavours:
We love here without Rivals, kiss with Innocence;
Our Thoughts as gentle as our Lips, our Children
The double Heir both of our Forms and Faiths.

Dru. I am glad ye make this right use of this sweetness,
This sweet retiredness.

Dio. 'Tis sweet indeed, Love,
And every Circumstance about it shews it.
How liberal is the Spring in every place here?
The artificial Court shews but a Shadow,
A painted imitation of this Glory.
Smell to this Flower, here Nature has her Excellence:
Let all the Perfumes of the Empire pass this,
The carefull'st Lady's Check shew such a Colour,
They are gilded and adulterate Vanities:
And here in Poverty dwells noble Nature.
What pains we take to cool our Wines, to allay us,

And

And bury quick the fuming God to quench us. [*Musick below.*
 Methinks this Chrystal Well? Ha? What strange Musick?
 'Tis underneath, sure; how it stirs and joys me?
 How all the Birds set on? The Fields redouble
 Their odoriferous sweets? Hark how the Echoes——

Enter a Spirit from the Well.

Dru. See, Sir, thos. Flowers
 From out the Well, spring to your Entertainment.

Enter Delphia.

Dio. Bless me.

Dru. Be not afraid, 'tis some good Angel
 That's come to welcome ye.

Del. Go near and hear, Son.

S O N G.

Dio. O Mother, thank ye, thank ye, this was your Will.

Del. You shall not want delights to bless your Presence.
 Now ye are honest, all the Stars shall honour ye.

Enter Shepherds and Dancers.

Stay, here are Country-shepherds, here is some sport too,
 And you must grace it, Sir; 'twas meant to welcome ye;
 A King shall never feel your Joy. Sit down, Son.

*A Dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses; Pan leading the Men, Ceres
 the Maids.*

Hold, hold, my Messenger appears; leave off, Friends,
 Leave off a while, and breathe.

Dio. What News? Ye are pale, Mother.

Del. No, I am careful of thy Safety, Son,
 Be not affrighted, but sit still; I am with thee.

Enter Maximinian, Aurelia, and Soldiers.

And now dance out your Dance. Do you know that Person;
 Be not amaz'd, but let him shew his dreadfulest.

Max. How confident he sits amongst his Pleasures,
 And what a chearful colour shews in's Face,
 And yet he sees me too, the Soldiers with me.

Aur. Be speedy in your work, (you will be stopt else)
 And then you are an Emperor.

Max. I will about it.

Dio. My Royal Cousin, how I joy to see ye,
 You and your Royal Empress.

Max. You are too kind, Sir.
 I come not to eat with ye, and to surfeit
 In these poor Clownish Pleasures; but to tell ye
 I look upon ye like my Winding-sheet,
 The Coffin of my Greatness, nay, my Grave:
 For whilst you are alive——

Dio. Alive, my Cousin?

Max. I say, Alive. I am no Emperor;
I am nothing but mine own disquiet.

Dio. Stay, Sir.

Max. I cannot stay. The Soldiers doat upon ye.
I would fain spare ye; but mine own security
Compels me to forget you are my Uncle,
Compels me to forget you made me *Cæsar*:
For whilst you are remembred, I am buried.

Dio. Did not I make ye Emperor, dear Cousin,
The free gift from my special Grace?

Del. Fear nothing.

Dio. Did not I chuse this Poverty, to raise you?
That Royal Woman gave into your Arms too?
Bless'd ye with her bright Beauty? Gave the Soldier,
The Soldier that hung to me, fix'd him on ye?
Gave ye the World's command?

Max. This cannot help ye.

Dio. Yet this shall ease me. Can ye be so base, Cousin,
So far from Nobleness, so far from Nature,
As to forget all this? To tread this Tie out?
Raise to your self so foul a Monument
That every common Foot shall kick asunder?
Must my Blood glue ye to your Peace?

Max. It must, Uncle;
I stand too loose else, and my Foot too feeble:
You gone once, and their Love retir'd, I am rooted.

Dio. And cannot this removed poor State obscure me?
I do not seek for yours, nor enquire ambitiously
After your growing Fortunes. Take heed, my Kinsman,
Ungratefulness and Blood mingled together,
Will, like two furious Tides——

Max. I must Sail thorow 'em:
Let 'em be Tides of Death, Sir, I must stem 'em.

Dio. Hear but this last, and wisely yet consider:
Place round about my Grange a Garrison,
That if I offer to exceed my Limits,
Or ever in my common Talk name Emperor,
Ever converse with any greedy Soldier,
Or look for Adoration, nay, for Courtesie
Above the days Salute——Think who has fed ye,
Think, Cousin, who am I. Do ye slight my Misery?
Nay, then I charge thee; nay, I meet thy Cruelty.

Max. This cannot serve, prepare: Now fall on, Soldiers,
And all the Treasure that I have. [Thunder and Lightning.

Sold. The Earth shakes;
We totter up and down; we cannot stand, Sir;

Methinks

Methinks the Mountains tremble too.

2 Sold. The flashes

How thick and hot they come? We shall be burn'd all.

Del. Fall on, Soldiers:

You that fell innocent Blood, fall on full bravely:

Sold. We cannot stir.

Del. You have your liberty,

So have you, Lady. One of you come do it.

[A Hand with a Bolt appears above.

Do you stand amaz'd? Look o'er thy Head, Maximilian,

Look, to thy Terror, what hangs over thee:

Nay, it will nail thee Dead; look how it threatens thee:

The Bolt for Vengeance on ungrateful Wretches;

The Bolt of innocent Blood; read those hot Characters,

And spell the will of Heav'n. Nay, lovely Lady,

You must take part too, as spur to Ambition.

Are ye humble? Now speak, my part's ended.

Does all your Glory shake?

Max. Hear us, great Uncle,

Good and great Sir, be pitiful unto us;

Below your Feet we lay our Lives, be merciful:

Begin you, Heav'n will follow.

Aur. Oh, it shakes still.

Max. And dreadfully it threatens. We acknowledge

Our base and foul intentions. Stand between us;

For faults confess'd, they say, are half forgiven.

We are sorry for our Sins. Take from us, Sir,

That glorious weight that made us swell, that poison'd us;

That mass of Majesty I laboured under,

(Too heavy and too mighty for my Manage)

That my poor innocent Days may turn again,

And my Mind, pure, may purge me of these Curses;

By your old Love, the Blood that runs between us.

[The Hand taken in.

Aur. By that Love once ye bare to me, by that, Sir,

That blessed Maid enjoys——

Dio. Rise up, dear Cousin,

And be your Words your Judges: I forgive ye,

Great as ye are, enjoy that Greatness ever,

Whilst I mine own Content make mine own Empire.

Once more I give ye all; learn to deserve it,

And live to love your Good more than your Greatness.

Now shew your Loves to entertain this Emperor,

My honest Neighbours. Geta, see all handsome.

Your Grace must pardon us, our House is little;

But such an ample welcome as a poor Man

And his true Love can make you and your Empress.
Madam, we have no Dainties.

Aur. 'Tis enough, Sir;

We shall enjoy the riches of your Goodness.

Sold. Long live the good and gracious *Dioclesian*.

Dio. I thank ye, Soldiers, I forgive your rashness.
And, Royal Sir, long may they love and honour ye.

[*Drums March afar off.*]

What Drums are those?

Del. Meet 'em, my honest Son,
They are thy Friends, *Charinus* and the old Soldiers,
That come to rescue thee from thy hot Cousin.

But all is well, and turn all into welcomes:

Two Emperors you must entertain now.

Dio. O dear Mother,
I have Will enough, but I want Room and Glory.

Del. That shall be my care. Sound your Pipes now merrily,
And all your handsome Sports. Sing 'em full welcomes.

Dio. And let 'em know, our true Love breeds more Stories
And perfect Joys, than Kings do, and their Glories.

[*Exeunt.*]

F I N I S.

